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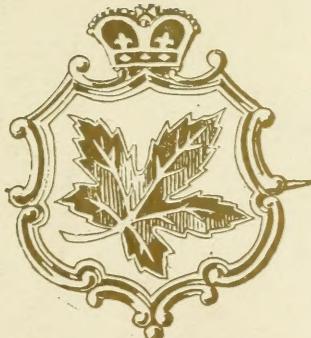
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Vol. 1. No.1

Ten Cents

The New West Era

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted
to Canada North-West



MAY 1904



A. M. MERTON,
Editor and Publisher,
MAPLE CREEK, N.W.T.

THE NEW WEST ERA



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THE NEW PARSONS' BLOCK

One of the finest Business Blocks in the North-West.

THE NEW WEST ERA

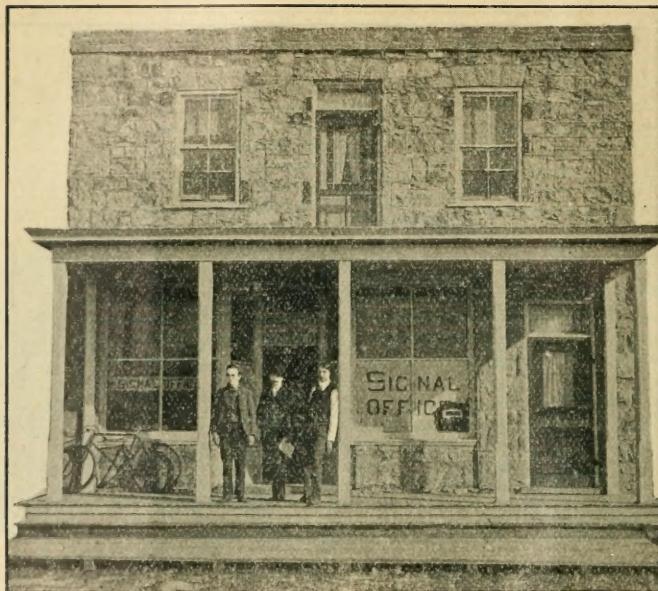


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THE LITHGOW BLOCK

Home of Maple Creek's Leading Newspaper, THE SIGNAL..



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MAPLE CREEK, ASSA.

Cree Indian
in
Sundridge

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CREE INDIAN OF ASSINIBOIA.

The New West Era.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO NORTH-WEST CANADA

VOL. 1.

MAY 1904

NO. 1.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

BY A. M. MERTON.

If you will take down your atlas from the shelf whereon it has rested in dust-covered oblivion, mayhap since your early school days, you will probably find, when you look for the North-West Territories, that the region referred to is designated by an immense tract of land almost unbroken by evidences of civilization of any kind, and when we turn to a description of the country, the information is so vague and unsatisfactory generally that we toss aside the book in disgust, and well we may, for the atlases of fifteen years ago contain but limited information in regard to the North-West Territories of that time and give not a hint of the development of the present day.

These elevated plains of the great North-West were formerly inhabited by the Indians, the bear, the moose, the prairie wolf or coyote, the little gopher, the horned owl, the eagle—king of birds, and many other varieties of beast and fowl, but few, deplorably few white beings of the human family and these were the intrepid trappers in

pursuit of their calling and occasional squads of the North-West Mounted Police.

That was the condition in the former period while the transformation to be observed to-day is truly astonishing.

The wild creatures of the former time have almost disappeared from view and the busy prairie towns with surrounding ranches dot the landscape in every direction.

The Indians are still in evidence but they have become so nearly civilized that they are no longer a menace to the whites and in many instances are industrial factors in the land, all-be-it many of them still cling to the picturesque garb of earlier times as is shown in the frontis-piece of this number, it being a reproduction from a recent photograph of a genuine XXth Century Indian—quite harmless and quite decidedly aboriginal, at the same time.

The development of the great North-West, only begun a few years ago, is noticeable throughout every part of the wide Dominion; but in the newer portions has been

so marked as to become a matter of most favorable comment by writers and public speakers.

The North-West Territories are divided into districts, viz: Alberta, Assiniboia, Athabasca, Saskatchewan with representative, but not responsible government. In addition to these partially settled and organized districts, the following divisions have also been made in the unsettled region: Franklin, Keewatin, Mackenzie, Ungava and Yukon.

The total population of the North-West Territory in 1901 was 211,649; its area being 2,497,427 square miles.

The Legislative Power and Local Government consists of an assembly of thirty-one members chosen by ballot on a very liberal franchise based on residence and household qualifications, Indians being excluded. It elects its own speaker, has a duration of four years unless sooner dissolved, and meets once every year.

Members do not require a property qualification and are paid a small indemnity. The Legislative

powers are defined by a Dominion Act and are as nearly as practicable, those of provincial assemblies. Municipal institutions have been established in towns and rural districts in imitation of the Ontario system.

The gold discoveries in the Yukon have rendered it necessary to provide a simple system of government for that region.

A commissioner, a council—partly elective, and judges, are appointed by the Dominion Government under authority given by the Parliament of Canada. The population of the Yukon is 27,000.

Settlers to the North-West Territories from all points find well developed means for travel in the great Canadian Pacific Railway, which crosses the continent from Montreal on the east to Vancouver on the west, with numerous branches extending to many towns which would not otherwise be enabled to receive the impetus that immigration is giving to the country—and they are pouring into the country by the thousand, rapidly changing the general appearance of same



and in a more substantial manner than could ordinarily be expected.

And who can blame them—for the “Mecca” for the consumptive is here, as well as for the sound individual; in this land of almost perpetual sunshine—the hope for success in business, long deferred in the east, is here for those who will strive; the opportunity to rise unhampered in the industrial world is awaiting those who honestly endeavor; and this is the land for the stock-man in very truth, for the horse of the North-West Territory stands without a peer in the market to-day; the cattle which roam the plains in immense herds apparently ownerless, almost care for themselves. At the “round-ups” however, ownership is established by the brands upon them, and herds of 1,000 or more are frequently the property of one prosperous rancher.

In the western part of the North-West Territory, throughout Alberta and a portion of Assiniboria, irrigation on a large scale is being established and as a consequence vegetables, flowers and trees of almost every known species of the

temperate zone, flourish in abundance during the summer season.

And more, very much more, could be said in giving a description of this new country, but space forbids; the foregoing however, is of vital interest to those who are looking in the direction of the North-West Territory, for health, for wealth, for homes and comforts generally; for the settler is enabled to accumulate in a very short time, that for which years of hard labor, or a lifetime must be given in the older portions of the country.

The writer is not booming land and can truthfully say that no individual iron is “warming in the fire,” but, having located in this sunny and healthful country—where bitterly cold winters are the exception rather than the rule—we feel that it is a good thing and needs passing along.

Yes, come to the North-West Territory, where homesteads for the settler are still to be had in good locations, and where labor of every description is greatly in demand—and last, but not least, where the dollar circulates so freely that the easterner at first opens his eyes in astonishment.



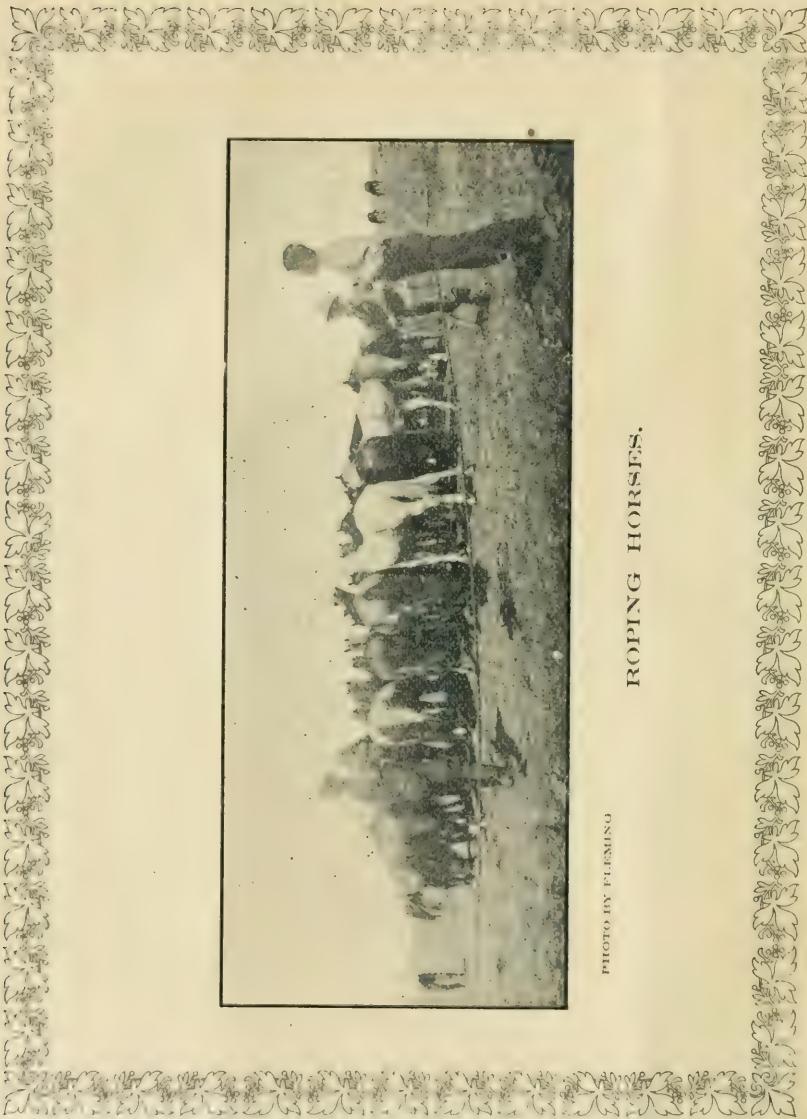


PHOTO BY FLEMING

ROPING HORSES.

MISSIPOWISTIC.

BY CHARLES MAIR.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAND RAPIDS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

HERE in this howling torrent, ends
The rushing river, named
By savage man
Saskatchewan--
In dark tradition famed.
His source, Creation's dread abyss,
Or in the glacier's cell;
His way, the sweep
Of canyons deep,
And clefts and chasms fell.
And forth from many a mountain's side
He leaps with laughter grim:
Their spurs are slit,
Their walls are split,
To make a path for him.
And down into the plain he raves
With dusky torrent cold.
And lines his bed
With treasure shred
From unknown reefs of gold.
And, monster-like, devours his shores,
Or, writhing through the plain,
Casts up the while
Full many an isle,
And swallows them again.
For though, betimes, he seems to sink
Amidst his prairies pale,
He swells with pride
In summer-tide
When low-born rivers fail.
And knits tradition to his shores
Of savage fights and fame,
When poaching Cree
The Blackfoot free
With magic arms o'ercame.
Of Wapiti and Spanish horse,
And of the bison horde,
A transverse stream,
As in a dream,
Which flowed at every ford.

And of the whites who first espied
His course, their toils and cares;
 Of brave Varennes,
 The boast of men,
And prince of voyageurs!

Of ancient settlement and farm
Ere France his wantons pressed;
 Ere royal mind
 For lust resigned
The Empire of the West.

Of him who once his waters churned—
The bluff fur-trader king—
 Mackenzie bold,
 Renowned of old
For his far wandering.

Of later days, when to his shores
The dauntless Franklin came;
 Ere Science lost,
 In Arctic frost,
The life, the lofty aim.

Or of the old “Bois-brule” town,
Whose huts of log and earth
 Rang, winter-long,
 With jest and song,
And wild plain-hunters’ mirth.

And of the nearer, darker day,
Which saw their offspring leap
 To arms, and wake,
 With frenzied shake,
Dull justice from her sleep.

Or, turning to the future, dreams
On time, and prophecies
 The human tide
 When, by his side,
Great cities shall arise.

The sordid tide, the weltering sea,
Of lusts and cares and strife;
 The dreaded things
 The worldling brings—
The rush and roar of life.

And onward tears his torrent still,
A hundred leagues withdrawn,
 Beyond the capes
 And silvan shapes
And wilds of chimahaun.

Down through the silent forest land,
Beyond the endless marge
 Of swale and brake,
 And lingering lake,
Beyond the "Demiclare."

Till at the Landing-place he lifts
 His crest of foam, and, quick
 As lightning, leaps
 Adown the steeps
Of Missipowistic!

Whilst o'er him wheels the osprey's wing--
 And, in the tamrac glades
 Near-by the bear
 And Mooswa share
Their matchless mossy shades.

Whilst echoes of the huskies' yells
 From yonder woods are flung
 At midnight dim,
 A chorus grim,
As if by demons sung!

But, see! Here comes a birch canoe!
 Two wiry forms it bears,
 In quaintest guise,
 With wrinkled eyes--
Two smoke-dried voyageurs!

"We'll take you down! Embarquez donc--
 Embarquez donc, monsieur!
 We'll steer you through
 The channel true,"
Cries each old voyaguer

"Nay, look ye, men--those walls of foam
 Yon swirling 'cellars' fell!"
 " Fear not to pass,
 Thou Moniyas !
We know this torrent well."

"I've roamed this river from my youth--
 I know its every fork."
 " And I have made,"
 The other said,
"Full many a trip to York."

Soho! I'll go! The Rapids call!
 With hamper at my wing
 We sally down
 Their foaming crown
Like arrow from the string--

THE NEW ERA

Into the yeast of waters wild,
 Where winds and eddies rave !
 Into the fume
 And raging spume
 And tempest of the wave !

Past rocky points, with bays between,
 Where pelicans, bright hued,
 Are flushed to flight
 With birds like night--
 The cormorant's impish brood !

And madly now our frail craft leaps
 Adown the billows' strife,
 And cleaves their crests
 And seething breasts
 As 'twere a thing of life.

As dips the pandion for his prey
 So dips our bark amain.
 We sink and soar,
 And sink and soar,
 And sink and soar again !

Till, following the foaming fall
 Of one long, throbbing wave,
 Enrapt we glide,
 And seem to slide
 Down, down into its grave!

"O break! O break! sweet balm, soft air!"
 No, no, we mount! we rise !
 Once more the dash
 And deafening clash
 Of billows flout the skies.

Till, swept o'er many a whirling swell,
 The final surge is past,
 And, like the strife
 Of human life,
 We reach calm floods at last.

Now, thanks, ye grim old voyageurs!
 No man has flinched in fear--
 Yet in earth's round
 I've seldom found
 This life and death so near.

Thanks, thanks to you, good men and true!
 Here we shall rest awhile,
 And toast the bold
 Coreurs of old
 Upon the prisoners' Isle.



FRED. W. DOWNER,
HENDERSON-DOWNER HOTEL SYSTEM,
LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA.

IN SLAVERY DAYS.

BY M. L. BYRN.

I WAS spending a short season with an old friend on a cotton plantation, down in Dixie, in the olden time before the "war for the Union," and had a glorious time of it, riding around, taking it easy, and once in a while taking a stroll with the proprietor and owner of the land and the "kinky heads" besides, through the cotton fields where the "hands" were at work gathering the fleecy white crop peculiar to the "Sunny South."

Going up to the "white folks' house" at one time, after our morning's tramp he was accosted by the cook, who said to him: "Massa, not got much for breakfast this mornin' sar—ole George been stealin' de chickens agin I recon, for de aint no whar round—so I'm gwine to give you fried bacon and biscuits—de best I can do, massa."

The man looked at me sorrowfully, for he knew from actual experience that I was wonderfully fond of "fried chicken," as he had often seen it rapidly disappear when I appeared at the table. So he only said:

"Well, Susan, do the best you can, and I'll attend to old George after breakfast."

He then told me something about old George's "peculiar fail-

ing." Says he: "My dear sir, that nigger would run a risk of being hung for a good square meal of fried chicken. I've tried all kinds of plans to break him, but it's no use. We can never tell when we can depend on having a chicken for breakfast, as long as we keep him around: I'm sorry to offer you such a lean breakfast, but can't help it this morning."

After our breakfast of fried bacon and biscuits was disposed of, we went out into the piazza to rest for a while, and then he called up old George to see what more could be done, when the following confab took place—each one trying to get the best of the argument.

"George, what am I to do with you anyhow? Susan tells me the chickens are all gone again—and of course you stole them—you have been doing this thing long enough—I've tried every way to cure you of it, but it does you no good, chickens you will steal and I cannot even have one for a friend who calls to see me. One of two things now I must and will do—I must shoot this stealing propensity out of you and finish you up at once, or I must sell you and send you down South to work on a sugar plantation: I am sorry to do it

you are a good hand to drive the carriage, attend to the horses and all that, but I can't stand this any longer; your promises are not to be taken for anything—you are a bad chicken thief—now what am I to do with you?"

The darkey rolled up the whites of his eyes and looked very sorrowful—he loved his master, even if he did love fried chicken, and he did not relish either horn of the dilemma he was poked with, did not want the shooting arrangement, and had a horror of being sent "away down South" to work on a negro plantation; he was a gentleman negro—lived among the white folks, drove the carriage for his master and mistress, and he was in a bad fix. Finally, he says to his master, in a persuasive kind of way, "Say Master, can't we argy this little mitter, and cum to some fair understandin'; I think, Massa, you am kinder hard on ole George. Will you listen to me and promise not to get mad, 'cause you hab gib me sum good big thrashings with the ole black tan about this same business, cause you always git into a passion. Now you see, you am mistaken altogether about dis business—it is not stealing." The Master looked at me and then at old George with utter amazement; but finally said to him, "George don't say I am hard on you any more; go ahead with your argument, you would make a good law-

yer. I reckon I better send you to town, and let you study law for a while, and save me from lawyers' bills hereafter."

"Well Massa, you know when a man's standing is at stake he must be on hand all de while. Now you see how dis ting is; you say to me, 'You am my nigger, I am your property!' Massa am I correck or not?"

"Yes, and a poor piece of property you are, too: no matter, go ahead."

"Well, den, Massa see how you are wrong in accusing de innocent—I am de nigger, sar—one piece of Massa's property! Well den, de chicken am 'nother piece of your property, too sar, an' all I do, sar, is to take one piece of you property an' put dat into 'nother piece of your property—de chicken into de nigger, sar, an' de chicken and de nigger all belong to you, Massa; and when I put de chicken in de nigger, sar, it am no stealing, but putting one into de other—just like de hoss an' de corn, dey belong to you. Massa, do you call it stealing corn when de hoss ea's Massa's corn? No, sar. And can you say nigger steal when he eats Massa's chicken? You am wrong, sar.

"Say, George, your mistress wants to take a ride down the river road; go and bring out the horses."

The owner was the court I was the jury, George was the lawyer, and he gained his case, sure as

you live, for the master said to me, "that boy (about fifty years old) is too much for me in an argument. I reckon I won't shoot him, and I won't sell him, neither, if he does

eat chickens." And when I left the plantation to go home George was in good and regular standing with the "Old Folks at Home."





MAYOR JOHN DIXON,
MAPLE CREEK, ASSA.

IN PEACEFUL CLIME.
BY C. LEONARD.

THE autumnal sun descending
Behind yon hill's broad crest;
Shines bright across the valley,
Gleams on the river's breast,
And, as the twilight closes,
The last beam lingering, falls
On the little Mission grave-yárd
With its cross so black and tall,
And the rows of grassy hillocks
That, beneath its holy shade,
Mark where the half-breed children
In their last long sleep are laid.
They touch with Midas' fingers
The cross that marks each mound;
Bathe in a flood of radiance bright
That spot of sacred ground.
Then, tardily receding
In waves of lessening light,
Reluctant, leave the valley
And scale the distant height;
Flash 'gainst the advancing darkness
One last, glorious, golden ray,
Slow seek the farther western ridge
And faltering—die—away.

* * *

Now, as the darkness falling
Enfolds each hill and dell,
Peals from its tiny turret

The little Mission bell—
Echoing down the valley
Upon the chill night's air
It sends its brazen bidding
For the evening Angelus prayer.

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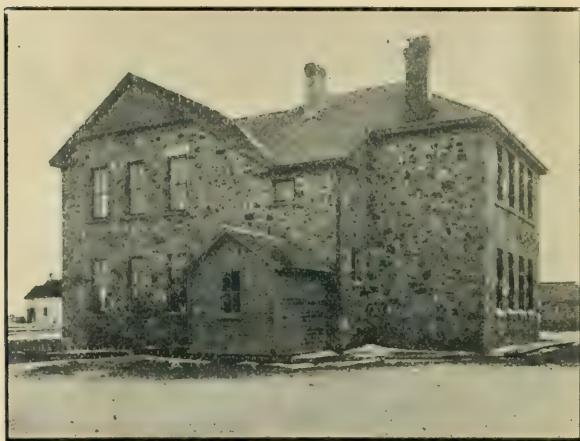
Anon the gloom is broken
Where the altar candles bright,
Pour through the chapel windows
A flood of mellow light;
Then presently steals faintly
Adown the valley's ways
The sound of voices lifted
In the Benediction's praise.
They cease: the chapel darkens;
The night's shade grows more deep;
More loud the river's murmur
Between its banks so steep.
In softer strain the night-wind
Chides the current's troubled breast
And as their voices mingle
The Mission sinks to rest.



THE NEW WEST ERA
 SCHOOLS IN N.W. CANADA.

 MAPLE CREEK.*

BY C. E. BROWN.



IT was in 1887 that the residents of Maple Creek made their first definite step towards securing educational advantages for the rising generation. In response to a petition duly presented by three prospective rate-payers, the Lieut-Governor erected the Maple Creek School district No. 80, the communication announcing the fact being addressed to the Rev. C. Teeter.

At the regular organization meeting which followed, W. R. Abbott as Returning Officer, presided and Rev. Teeter acted as secretary. The first Board of Trustees included Messrs. James

Hastie, chairman, William Nicol and W. J. Lawrence. As a school site the new board chose lot 12 in block 2. The building which was to be used as a school house was built of logs and erected largely by voluntary contribution as appears from the following extract from the minute book: "Resolved, that the building erected on the lot chosen as a school site by voluntary contribution for a public hall, school house and church, be taken by the Trustees of this School District from the committee appointed to erect said building on the condition named by them, that the Trustee Board assume an indebtedness of

* Other articles on North West Schools will follow

\$308.10 remaining on the building."

It is interesting to note that Mr. W. R. Abbott was the first assessor and that the value of all property in the district as reported on the roll was \$50,000. Next came the matter of engaging a teacher, after the usual sifting of applications and exchanging of rapid fire messages by wire, the lot fell upon Miss Sadie J. McDermid of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Thus, were school affairs in the village inaugurated.

As years rolled along and ranchers with growing families to educate moved into town, for at least part of the year, the school began to outgrow its accomodation. As a measure of relief, the Board secured the use of the entire ground floor of the next log building to the north and here the primary department was soon installed under the management of Miss Edmison whose name still pervades the educational and social atmosphere of Maple Creek.

In the meantime, preparations were made for the erection of a new building that would provide accomodation for many years to come. In 1895, the substantial, four-roomed stone structure shown in the engraving made its appearance on a site quite out of the village and the old building passed

into the hands of the carpenter who by a judicious insertion of partitions, windows and doorways, produced the dwelling now occupied by J. C. Auger.

Since then, a number of teachers have held sway over the youth of the village among others being Mr. A. H. Bell, B. A., at present I. P. S. in Eastern Assiniboia. During these years, the natural growth in school population has been to some extent offset by the erection of school districts in the neighboring communities. Since Maple Creek dropped the humble name of village and assumed that of town with its wider responsibilities and powers, the two rooms have become quite inadequate for the work to be done. An increase in the accomodation and in the staff has been planned for in the near future. The present teachers Mr. C. E. Brown and Mrs. J. H. Bulmer by able and conscientious work have earned for themselves the good will and confidence of both pupils and parents.

The present Trustee Board, Messrs. Jno Harvey, G. H. Hustler, R. G. Williamson, Wm. Pollock and George Reid are bent upon improving the appearance of the square upon which the school is built and give the whole an air of beauty that will react with telling effect upon the nascent men and women within.

THE LOST JOY.

BY RALPH IRON.

ALL day, where the sunlight played on the sea-shore, Life sat.

All day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young face looked out across the water. She was waiting—she was waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head on her knee and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore—Life woke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him.

And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy, First-Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss are not so ruddy. Its tiny pulses beat quick. It was so warm, so soft! It never spoke,

but it laughed and played in the sunshine; and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours forever."

Then there came a time—was it after weeks? was it after months? (Love and Life do not measure time)—when the thing was not as it had been.

Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavily across the water.

And Life and Love dared not look into each other's eyes, dared not say, "What ails our darling?" Each heart whispered to itself, "It is nothing, it is nothing, to-morrow it will laugh out clear." But to-morrow and to-morrow came. They journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more heavily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep; and when they awoke, it was gone; only near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger with wide-open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly, "Oh, our Joy! our lost Joy! shall we see you no more forever?"

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them. And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes; and when Love, mad with pain, cried out, "I am weary, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where sunlight lay upon the hillsides. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful; always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly.

And when on the sharp stones Life cut her feet, he wiped the blood upon his garments, and kissed the wounded feet with his little lips. When in the desert Love lay down faint (for Love itself grows faint), he ran over the hot sand with his little naked feet, and even there in the desert found water in the holes in the rocks to moisten Love's lips with. He was no burden—he never weighted them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—Life and Love must pass through strange drear places—there where all is cold, and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them on and on.

And when they came beyond, into a land of sunshine and flowers, strangely the great eyes lit up, and dimples broke out upon the face. Brightly laughing, it ran over the soft grass; gathered honey from the hollow tree, and brought it to them on the palm of its hand; carried them water in the leaves of the lily, and gathered flowers and wreathed them round their heads softly laughing all the while. He touched them as their Joy had touched them, but his fingers clung more tenderly.

So they wandered on, through dark lands and the light, always with that little brave smiling one between them. Sometimes they remembered that first radiant Joy, and whispered to themselves, "Oh! could we but find him also."

At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman, who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out. "O wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise old woman, answered, "To have it back, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

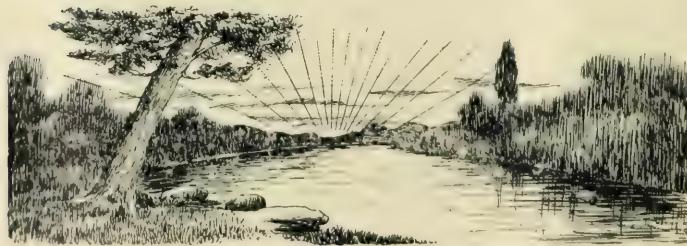
And in agony Love and Life cried, "No!"

"Give up this!" said Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out "Better let me die! Without Joy I can live; but without this I cannot. Let me rather die, not lose it!"

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, with-

out a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and long — then it begins to change. Love and Life will not see it, will not know it— till one day they start up suddenly, crying, 'O God! O God! we have lost it! Where is it?' They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that, what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love."



GOOD NIGHT.

BY A. M. MERTON.



Good night—God's blessings on thee, gentle heart,
Let dreams of peace and plenty come to thee;
May no foul vision from the world apart
Disturb thy slumbers—God is watching thee.



A bright and cloudless day awaiteth thee
After the turmoil of the troubled hours;
Lift up to light above thy drooping head,
After the rain and darkness, cometh flowers.



“He chasteneth whom He loveth”—this we see,
But poorly bear the burden God doth give.
Oh, doubter on the weary road to heaven
Look up, whilst God is near, can't thou not live?



But now—good night, dear friend, again good night;
If morning finds our paths diverging still,
Look up and thank Him for the gladsome light;
And mould thy thoughts and actions to His will.



JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY A. M. MERTON.

AT the present time all eyes are turned to the Orient where warfare and strife for supremacy are holding forth for the whole world, otherwise, to comment upon; and indeed many predict that the role of passive observer will not be maintained by all observers with equal fortitude and that other Powers will "take a hand" in the conflict ere the matter is settled.

The state of affairs would be vastly augmented and the present "mole hill" likely assume mountainous dimensions if such should indeed occur, as the ability to sustain an absolute neutrality as to events occurring from day to day where one's interest is so surely aroused as at present is only too well illustrated by the sudden outbursts of enthusiasm if perchance a representative of the present aggressive "Japs" but looms upon our horizon, for, clannish as are the Christian nations of the world, the narrowness and bigotry of the policy pursued by Russia in the treatment of her subjects have so aroused the people of the Anglo Saxon race, that almost to a unit sympathy is given to Japan--a heathen nation--enlightened by contact with Christian nations,

tis true, but still enrolled upon the lists of idol worshipping and idolatrous people.

Should we suddenly find ourselves transported to the Islands of Japan, what should we find as to conditions generally, and what features would be most likely to arouse our interest?

It is said, and with authority, that Japan is one of the most densely populated countries on the globe and travellers to that sunny land assure us that one has only to climb toward the summit of one of her numerous mountains to prove it by actually witnessing the congestion of crowded humanity in the valleys below, for it is not an unusual sight to see a dozen districts and separate villages within a radius of ten miles thus making it something less than a mile from one to another.

Children swarm the verandahs and roll like little pigs in the wealth of verdure the Island affords, while insects of various kinds play hide and seek upon them; for Japan is truly the home of the festive flea, the mosquito, the gnat; while centipedes, cicadas and ants exist everywhere.

Dragon flies are numerous and beautifully colored. Bees are

common-- the only poisonous snake is the mamushi, confined to a few localities but the bed-bug (that pest of many portions of western continent), is absent.

Of the butterfly it is said that one hundred and forty seven varieties exist with probably from fifteen to twenty times as many moths.

The Japanese, as a people, are much attached to their baths and even among the lowest classes it is quite customary to indulge in a bath at such places as are provided, at the return of each evening hour,--no particular attention is given to privacy and the bathing hour, consequently becomes the hour for the exchange of gossip: cleanliness, however, is attained

and we are told that "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

The people are rather undersized when compared with the tall and well built specimens of our western prairies; are Mongoloid rather than Mongolian as the race is now supposed to be of mixed blood and several elements are noticeable in their physiognomy which would easily lead one to believe this theory.

The Japanese call their Emperor "Son of Heaven" and assert that the first of their line came to their country with 80,000 followers.

The court has always worn the hair uncut, as in Korea.

The people of southern Japan approach nearly to the Malay type; while north of Tokio the common people have broad faces and large eyes and are altogether less Mongoloid.

The mass of people are easy-going, indifferent and submissive. In the country, while the family as elsewhere, formed the original unit, the next unit was the five-householder guild, which had to act on all questions affecting their relations with their superiors. Then followed the village community with its headman, an hereditary office until 1700 A. D., thereafter in many places elective. The trades had also their guilds for mutual action and friendly assistance and these combinations extend to every department of life; indeed a Japa-



JAPANESE MERCHANTS

nese is scarcely ever to be treated with as an individual; he is always in a clique.

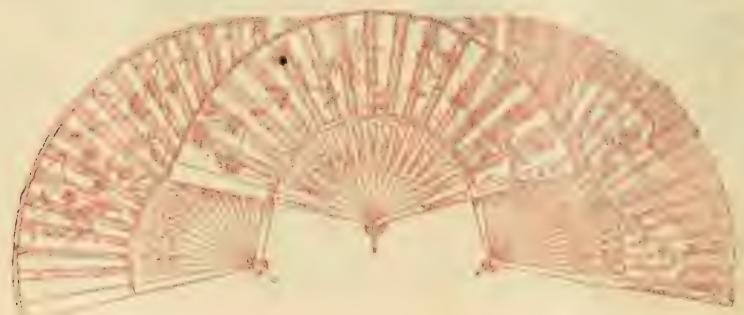
Adoption though forbidden by law if executed just before death, is so common that one seldom finds a family of brothers all bearing the same name and a school class-list is always undergoing change from this cause.

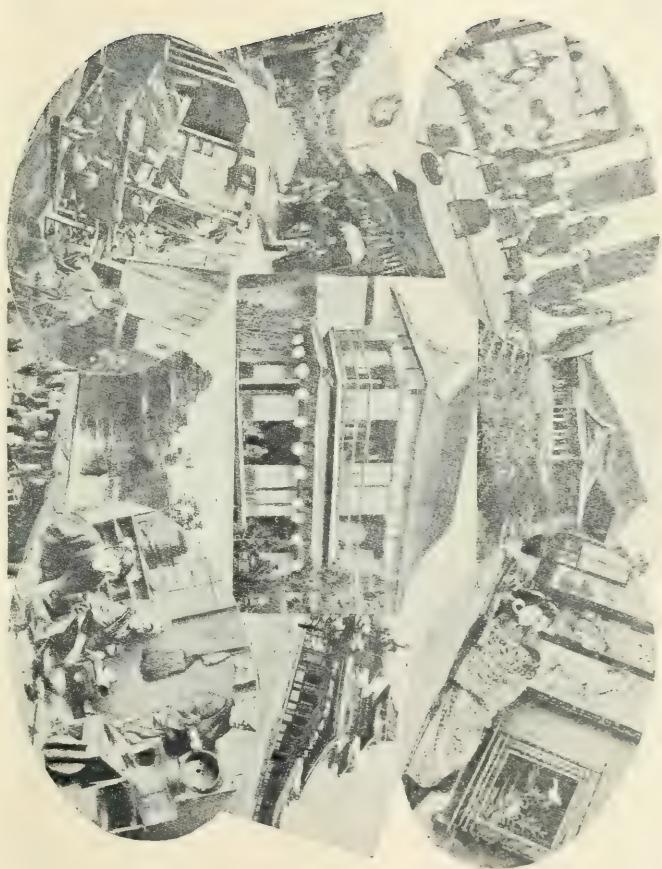
Education in Japan is nominally compulsory and certainly widespread. Even among the lowest class of laborers the ability to read and write is generally found; indeed the people as a whole may be referred to as a literary folk and in the cities at least, are diligent readers of the daily newspapers. As to their schools, they have elementary, middle and normal, crowned by the Imperial University in Tokio. There are also agricultural, technical and commercial colleges in the capital and the provinces; a musical conservatory lately annexed to the higher Normal schools, a ladies institute and similar institutions of truly meritorious equipment, which fact will be a genuine surprise to many who read this article, as, we people of the Christian lands are only too prone to regard our "yellow brethren" of the Orient with condescending interest, as we pity their unenlight-

ened condition, but with the additional information now coming to us we need for a surety to change such attitude to a thoroughly respectful one, and there is just a hint faintly wafted hither that we had better look well to our own laurels, lest the "little yellow man" "turn the tables."

The religion of Japan must take us backward however, in the scale of progress as she is still enrolled among the heathen nations, but strange to relate, she is also very tolerant of almost any and every creed or doctrine that invades her domain and 'tis said that it is not an unusual occurrence in Japan to find several shrines to as many different deities within a small inclosure, or, if in the open air, within plain sight of each other.

But why should we regard this as of unfavorable trend? To the writer it seems indeed as though God in his wonderful wisdom were bringing about this very chaos to illustrate to their benighted souls the futility of it all and then to let the glorious light of His own true religion shine into hearts made ready and anxious to accept Him. Yes, and the time seems almost here, for education and spiritual enlightenment go hand in hand.





SCENES IN JAPAN

DINING
SLEEPING
STREET SCENE
WEAVING
RESIDENCES
HEATHEN TEMPLE
COOKING

The New West Era.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED
TO NORTH-WEST CANADA

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

A. M. MERTON

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

MAPLE CREEK, N.W.T.

MAY 1904

EDITORIAL.

THE NEW WEST ERA is intended as a literary publication wherein many contributors of ability in this great North-West will be able to give publication to their work, which is so often crowded out in the East when presented, because of the over-zealous workers in the profession of letters, whose work must of necessity be catered to by Eastern publishers.

We have many capable and able writers scattered throughout this great western land from whom we should be much pleased to receive contributions.

This is truly a New West Era and we have an ambition to make it known to people in general.

The pages of THE NEW WEST ERA will be free from the polluted material so often found and as literature distributed broadcast throughout the length and breadth of newly settled countries.

It will cater to the thinking class of our land, and if by so doing its growth and subscription list make leisurely progress, then may we hope and pray that better thinkers be developed as the country settles and that a class of literature that appeals to the intellect rather than the sensuous may win the day as it deserves to do.

The illustrations of THE NEW WEST ERA will be "up-to-date" in every way and be a feature worth considering, as many of them are made especially for us at considerable expense, which we gladly bear, however, in order to give our patrons the best there is to be had for their money.

The magazine will not be confined to Maple Creek by any means, even if it is published at that point, as our issue for May will consist of at least 2,000 copies, which will be sent to subscribers and others at all points in the North-West Territories, as well as to various other places in creation.

The May number contains a "write up" of Maple Creek as one of its features in connection with many illustrations of her enterprising merchants, etc.

The June number will entertain its readers with the "write up" of another town - the July number of another, etc., for we wish the great North-West to know whereof it stands and be able to know what is

transpiring in towns around and about as well as in ones own.

We believe that emulation brought about by the wish not to be out-done by our neighbors, is legitimate and healthful and leads to a steady improvement in morals—methods, and men.

To live and enjoy life there must be *ZEST* or the effort fails and the impulse dies. What better sauce for tasteless common-places than the wish for improvement? What better inducement to right living than right thinking?

Our contributors are those who have learned to think and we appreciate them, as we hope our readers may appreciate them, for sterling worth alone.

We do not mean to boast, but have always been sufficiently conceited to think we know a good thing when we see it and so we pass it along; for selfishness and conceit are sometimes as separable as many other things in life which are usually referred to as inseparable.

Our best efforts and many heart-throbs have been stretched forth in unison with this great broad land—the New West, and as she rises or falls, so do our spirits move.

But she will not fall, for prosperity and plenty seem actually dancing in the atmosphere of these elevated plains; and health, wealth and happiness are a joyful trio.

* * *

Scarcely a day passes at this season of the year, in which there are not welcomed many new-comers from across the international boundary line who have come to settle in the great North-West.

The Government is glad indeed to welcome them and to see that they receive fair treatment in every particular and to further such efforts have a regularly appointed staff of immigration agents at stated points.

An amusing incident in connection with a newly arrived settler at Lethbridge recently, is really worth the telling.

As is generally known, the genial and well-known countenance of Chas. Mair, author and poet, is the one at that point to first encounter the new-comer and question him or be questioned by him as the occasion may develope, for Mr. Mair, besides being a literary man, is immigration agent for that district and in the regular performance of his duties one night, met at the rail-road station the aforesaid newcomer. All went well—in fact so very well pleased was the newcomer that he expressed unstinted approval when later he conversed with one of Lethbridge's well known citizens, whom he told that Canadian towns were all right in every way and that he was very much pleased indeed to have been received and welcomed by the Mayor of the city, who, of course,

was supposed to be acting officially and to have extended to him the hearty welcome of the whole city together with the "keys thereof" as the saying goes.

The citizen was somewhat mystified at the new departure and consulted the Mayor as to the innovation pro and con, and was somewhat puzzled when his Worship denied any knowledge of such an event.

The whole thing was explained

however when he happened to think of the immigration agent by name, as Mr. Mair pronounces his name as though spelled "Mayor" hence the mistake.

The poem entitled *Missipowistic*, published in this issue, is one of Mr. Mair's and the meaning of the Indian word is "The Fall of the Saskatchewan."

It is worth reading as it gives a beautiful description of a beautiful stream.



JAMES STERNS.
THE JASPER HOTEL, MAPLE CREEK

CHILDREN'S PAGE.*

"WHERE DID YOU COME FROM BABY DEAR?"
BY CORA LAPHAM HAZARD.



Bennie Smithers' papa found him in a hollow stump.

All curled up just like a kitten in the coohest hump;

Bennie Smithers brags about it, that is how I know;

Bennie Smithers' father told him, so, of course, it's so.

Nettie Mason was a fairy (my, but now she's fat),

Wouldn't hardly b'lieve to see her, such a thing as that.

But her mamma told us 'bout it (was the kind that sings)

'Course it's so, her mamma said so, says she saved the wings,

'Didn't dast to let us see them, said she would some day;

'Fraid the wings would fly to Nettie, and she'd fly away.

Norah Flynn was in a cabbage boughten for a stew.

Norah Flynn's own mother said it, "Shure thin, it is thrue."

Didn't 'spect to find a baby (couldn't b'lieve her eyes)

In the middle of a cabbage—must have been a s'prise.

Who you s'pose 'twas came from heaven? Why, that dreadful Joe;
Come to think, it's not so s'prising that they let him go.

'Rastus, was in a melon, so says Mammy Lou;

She's the very one that found him, so, you see, it's true.

Once there was a stork went flying, that's when he found me,
All a-sleeping in a lily, 'way off on the sea.

Close up to his neck I cuddled, then how we did fly.

'Course, I 'member all about it—first we went up high,

Where the shiny stars are scattered over all the night,

And I wasn't any scared, not the leastest mite.

When we flew low near the houses, I began to fear

He would take me to a stranger and not to mamma dear;

But my really-truly mamma soon he brought me to.

What if he had got mistaken an' given me to you?

* This Department will be enlarged.



MAPLE CREEK, N.W.T.

THE traveler on the Overland Express from East to West passes through many towns and villages, but when he reaches Maple Creek he is always to be seen taking a second look at the town for it is one of the most attractive places on the C. P. R., between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Its splendid business houses and hotels facing the railroad are an indication of a prosperous people and a thrifty community.

Then, there in the distance, back of the town are to be seen the Cypress Hills, which are indisputably the finest ranching region in the world, and upon their ranges can be found thousands and thousands of cattle, sheep and horses. The hills are broken into slopes and coulees, which are attractive to the cattle, for they abound with shelter and water which are necessary for the cattle and horses that obtain sustenance in the range-lands of that region.

To the north, east and west for miles and miles the ranges expand and everywhere are to be seen herds of cattle, horses and sheep whose owners are accounted the bone and sinew of the land.

These ranges are abundantly supplied with grass and water, and ordinarily the cattle run upon them all the year 'round without having to be fed at the coralls.

It is not only a stock country, but during the past few years many of the settlers have tried agriculture with more than ordinary success. There are more ranchers turning their attention to mixed farming every year. There are no better opportunities anywhere for the mixed farmer than are to be found adjacent to Maple Creek. Hay, wheat and oats will find ready market. Vegetables are sought for during the gardening season, and the market prices are much better than in the Eastern country towns. It is not our intention to enter into details or say so

much about Maple Creek, that you will take it to be a padded yarn or a boom anecdote, for it is not intended as such.

To the traveler who passes through we could say our town has a population of 1,000 and he would say "Oh, I thought it much larger." However the population falls considerably short of a thousand,

The illustrations on these pages are evidence sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that we have what promises to be a beautiful town when proper public improvements are developed.

Our Hotels, The Hotel Cypress, The Commercial, The Maple Leaf and The Jasper House are all up-to-date and the traveling public



PHOTO BY ELLIOTT

THE HOTEL CYPRESS

but it is gradually growing, and the new buildings erected during the past year, and those now under course of construction are indications as to the stability of Maple Creek.

after once visiting Maple Creek are always sure to come again.

The Hotel Cypress of the Henderson-Downer System, is considered the best hotel in Assiniboia after a test of three years. It caters

only to first-class traveling and commercial men, and its cuisine is without question, the best. Mr. J. B. McCulla is the genial "Mine Host," but Mr. F. W. Downer

general public and has already established so enviable a reputation that it is now doubling its capacity and adding other improvements.

The Jasper House is the latest to enter the field of public places, and as an Inn, promises to keep business interesting in Maple Creek. Mr. James Sterns is the owner of this hostelry and W. J. Harmer is the manager. The building is large, airy, well lighted and in every respect a model hotel. The Commercial public will find the accommodations first-class. A portrait of Mr. Sterns, the progressive proprietor is published in this number.



J. O. BEESLEY, COUNCILLOR

whose portrait appears elsewhere, spends a good deal of his time at this Maple Creek establishment and superintends the general character of the hotel, leaving the details to his manager, Mr. McCulla whose ability is unquestioned.

The Commercial Hotel is also under the Henderson-Downer management, with N. L. Robson as local manager. It is a dollar house and has a large patronage.

The Maple Leaf Hotel has only been opened for business during the past year and is catering to the



H. A. GREELEY, M. L. A.

As a trading centre, Maple Creek can compete with any place

in the North-West. Of general stores there are several and their stocks are very large.

Dixon Bros., celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of their establishment as merchants in Maple Creek, this year. They were early on the ground as general merchants and have ever kept pace with the growth of the town and always try to keep one step in

Postmaster since 1893, and, is at present, Mayor of Maple Creek. He is also a prominent Mason being a District Deputy Grand Master for this Territory, etc. There is no firm with a higher business integrity in the North-West than Dixon Bros., of Maple Creek.

Williamson & Fleming, whose business establishment is shown



THE JASPER HOTEL.

advance. They expect to build a large addition to the handsome business block shown in this write-up. Mr. John Dixon, the senior member of the firm has also been

in this number are also large general merchants. Their two large store rooms, each of two stories are filled with merchandise, hardware and machinery, making an im-

men's stock. They are not so old as some of the firms of town, but their business is large and growing, and to say that you buy at Wil-

places in town. It is now conducted by the estate of the late Thomas Cool, who was one of the widely-known business men of



PHOTO BY FLEMING

THE MAPLE LEAF HOTEL.

liamson & Fleming's is a sure sign of prosperity.

Cool's Busy Store, is not a misnomer. It means just what it says. It is one of the busiest

Maple Creek. The sons, John and Thomas, conduct the business for the estate and their large stock of general merchandise is always up-to-date, and courteous treatment is always meted out to all customers.

Chevalier & Pollock, is the name of an enterprising firm of general merchants. They have quite recently moved into the handsome store room of the Parsons' block, and have one of the finest store rooms in the N.W.T. They occupy two floors with their general stock. Although they are the youngest of the quartette of general stores in Maple Creek, they



J. M. LANG'S SADDLERY

are not by any means behind the times in enterprise and business courtesy.

Messrs. Bennett & Hulme are progressive hardware merchants and tin-smiths, and their immense line is constantly increasing as the

your business.

The Medical Hall, is one of the neatest and most completely equipped drug stores in the North-West. Mr. F. C. Wilson, a capable and progressive pharmacist, is the manager, and the trade of the



PHOTO BY FLEMING

MERCHANTS BANK

demands of the district grow. Their contracts for tin and sheet iron work and furnace building extend to nearby towns and all over the district for many miles in every direction. With a capable force of workmen they are ready for

establishment is constantly growing under his able and painstaking management. A large line of sundries, books and stationery are also carried by this house, a picture of whose plate-glass front appears in this number.

Massonat's Jewelry Store is a gem. It occupies the handsome corner room in the Parsons' block, which is shown elsewhere. His fixtures are up-to-date and a surprise to all who visit our progressive town. His stock of watches, jewelry, and silverware is large, and he also sells gramophones

the sum of \$17,930.12 during the year, which illustrates that there is some business doing in this town. There were ninety-four homestead entries, and prospects are that there will be as many more this year, as the farming lands are becoming more widely known to the people seeking homes in a



PHOTO BY FLEMING

DIXON BROS., MERCHANTS

and musical instruments.

"Uncle John" English, the collector of Customs and Dominion Land Agent, also has his office in the handsome new Parsons' block. Maple Creek is a Port of Entry, and Mr. English is one of the most capable of government officers. The business of this office reached

climate such as we have here.

Albert Towe is another enterprising young man who is located in this new block. He makes a specialty of the mail order business and expects to make this town a distributing point for several well known firms, whose goods will be sold through him.



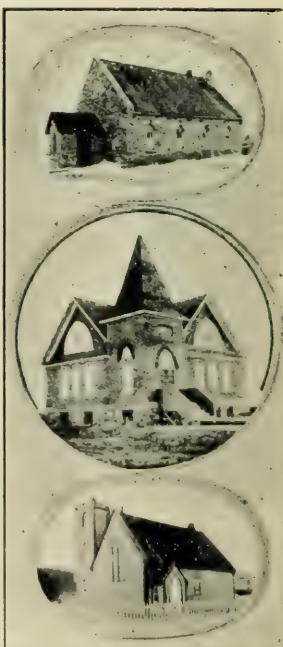
PHOTOS BY FLEMING

DRUG STORE.

W. H. Smith, the Grocer, has one of the finest grocery stores in Western Assiniboia. His line is large, clean and complete and his store room, as will be seen by the picture elsewhere, is large, well lighted and airy. Mr. Smith is enterprising and progressive—is pushing business generally and is a hustler in the grocery line.

Messrs. Fauquier & Fallas are the leading meat market people. Their place of business is a credit to the town and their trade is not entirely local as they supply many points east and west of this place. Their aim is to please by furnishing the best the market affords.

Charles Stearns has a tailoring establishment in this building, and has the reputation of doing the



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
METHODIST CHURCH
CHURCH OF ENGLAND



modish tailoring of the North-West. With an experienced corps of workmen he is able to attend to your clothing needs, as his stock is always up-to-date and stylish.

Arthur Burnett B. A., B. C. L.,

is the local barrister, with a suite of offices on the second floor of the Parsons' block, which was recently completed. We show his photo elsewhere dressed in a fur coat which had to be worn when he



HARTLEY'S TONSORIAL PARLOR.

lived in Montreal where the mercury goes down to 52 degrees below. In this land of sunshine it is only used when driving in mid-winter. Mr. Burnett is an accommodating gentleman and any business entrusted to his care will be carefully attended.

Bridge Hartley has the leading tonsorial parlor, equipped with two chairs, only one of which is shown in the cut produced elsewhere. It is a splendid picture of "Bridge"

ness man, has all kinds of business in his line. His advertisement of saddles elsewhere in this issue shows a specialty, but he is prepared to manufacture to order all kinds of harness and horse equipment, and handles a line of trunks, valises and tents, all of which are sold at purchasable prices. The cut of the front of his building does not do his establishment justice, as it is much more pretentious.



PHOTO BY FLEMING

COOIL'S BUSY STORE

as he is familiarly called. He is a leading foot-ball and lacrosse player and has a reputation extending from Neepawa to Medicine Hat as a hustler.

J. M. Lang, the saddler and har-

Renaud & Dunn are popular liverymen as well as draymen, and a most accommodating firm. Their rigs are good and the visiting land-seekers or immigrant will be accorded satisfactory service and



PHOTO BY FLEMING
ARTHUR BURNETT, B.A., B.C.L.

treatment when he patronizes this enterprising firm facing Harder street just in the rear of Williamson & Fleming's emporium.

J. O. Beesley & Co., are the leading news dealers and supply all the leading periodicals, as well as handling a line of confectionery. A cut of their premises is shown in this write-up. One of Mr. Beesley is also produced as he is one of the councillors of the town.

W. F. Lawrence's manufacturing establishment is one of the leading places of business in town. He manufactures sash, doors, blinds, counters, shelving, office fixtures, and special work; also carries a large line of furniture, carpets, rugs, builder's hardware, paints and oils. His business extends to many near-by towns from which he receives orders. An undertaking department in charge of Mr. Geo. Hawkins is also in connection.

M. M. Fleming buys and sells furs as well as doing a general dray business. All correspondence will receive prompt attention. He often has big bargains in furs and hides.



HUSTLER'S SHOE STORE

George H. Hustler is the exclusive boot and shoe man of town. His stock is large and varied enough to suit all. A speciality of fine shoes for ladies and children is a feature of his

establishment, but he can supply foot-wear for the cow-boy as well. A large line of rubber foot-wear can also be found at Mr. Hustler's. Repairing is also done.

George E. Fleming is the local photographer, and our illustrations

establishment, and is one of the pushing young men of the community.

The Merchants Bank here is under the management of Mr. E. W. McMullen. Mr. Frank Adolphe and Mr. C. P. Evans complete the local business staff.



PHOTO BY FLEMING

WILLIAMSON & FLEMING,
GENERAL MERCHANTS

show his ability far better than we can write it. He furnishes groups of photos of local scenes which are of interest and we take pleasure in commending him to those who seek pictures of this character.

Frank Irvine conducts the Cypress Block Fruit and Confection-

J. C. Auger is a flour and feed merchant and is building a handsome business house.

The North-West Mounted Police have barracks adjacent to the town. Capt. Deane and Inspector Starnes are the commanding officers for this district, which covers Medicine Hat and Swift Current,

with stations at these places, as well as at several interior points.

About June 1st, a Cottage Hospital will be opened to the public, which is a useful and needful adjunct to all progressive towns, but which is not sufficiently advanced to illustrate at this time.

We have a number of artisans of every calling. G. E. Thompson an efficient builder is just putting

the finishing touches to the Jasper House, which is a credit to his mechanical ability.

We have a growing, prosperous town and the best country on the face of the earth surrounding it, which offers advantages to the rancher or mixed farmer. Any business man in this write-up will gladly give intending settlers further information if asked for.



PHOTO BY FLEMING

W. H. SMITH, GROCER.

The Dominion Exposition.

THE second Dominion of Canada Exhibition is to take place this year in Winnipeg, the capital city of the Prairie Province of Manitoba, and already large and extensive preparations are being made for the celebration, in a fitting manner, of such an important an epoch-making event. It was felt to be extremely gratifying by the members of the Board of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association to be able to announce that the Dominion Government had made a liberal grant of \$50,000., for the holding of this exhibition during the present summer, and that the City had with commendable promptitude decided to support this important project by assuming all the expenses of enlarging the buildings.

Winnipeg will be the centre to which all eyes will be turned from all parts of the Dominion and from neighbors across the boundary line. It is impossible to estimate the important bearing which the holding of this exhibition will have upon the future development of the

Canadian West and the whole country will be benefited by the manner in which such an event will display to the West the resources of Western Manufacturers making them thoroughly acquainted with the goods required for their own use and consumption. It will also enable the Eastern Manufacturer to become acquainted with the wonderful possibilities of the West. The Dominion, therefore as a whole will be benefited in the bringing together of the East and West by the great All-Canadian Exhibition.

Business men all over the Dominion recognize the importance which attaches to this exhibition and all classes are uniting to make it an event of which all alike shall be proud.

During the past few seasons immigrants have flocked into Canada from all parts of the civilized world and indications, even before the exhibition was announced, were and still are, that the flow of settlers this year will be greater than ever before. The President of the

Association has said that from an immigration point of view the Exhibition will be simply splendid in its results. With regard to the trade between the East and West it will secure the closest relationship between the people of this vast agricultural district, the province of British Columbia and the Pacific generally and the older provinces of the East.

The Canadian West with its rapidly extending needs is a large field in which the United States goods have been in active competition with goods made in Canada. In order that the Eastern Manufacturer should secure this trade they need to study the requirements of the West and its people and place their goods before the attention of the West generally. It is felt that this opportunity will be amply provided at the Dominion Exhibition.

Sir William Van Horne said that he believed the Dominion Exhibition to be held at Winnipeg would be worth vastly more than its cost.

The history of the Winnipeg Industrial has been one of steady growth and progress since its first inception, nearly 14 years ago, and the many thousands which it now draws together to Manitoba's Fair Capital each summer, are a lasting tribute to the enterprise and foresight of the few men who saw and realized the powerful good this

Exhibition would be to the Canadian North West.

In its comparatively early days there were many difficulties to be surmounted and overcome and the energetic business men who took the matter in hand and carried the same to a successful issue have now made the Exhibition one to be looked upon as the greatest and most powerful immigration agent in securing the settlement and development of this vast western country.

It was on the 19th day of June 1890 during the term of John Christian Schultz as Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba that the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association came into being, but the Exhibition was not held until the ninth of September 1891 at which the show of Live Stock was more than creditable; the horses, cattle, sheep and swine being equal to anything which was then raised in the Eastern Provinces.

The next Exhibition was a greater success and was described by the local press as "highly creditable to a young country like this." It was a great object lesson, illustrating strikingly the wonderful development of Manitoba and the North-West. The general evidence of thrift and intelligence as indicated by the dress, conversation, and bearing of the people, were most noticeable. There was truly a marvellous display of live stock and a heavy increase in the show of field

grains, the samples of wheat and other cereals doing honor to the Province that has wrested the trophy of pre-eminence in competition with all the world for wheat growing. The parade of prize winning live stock was a capital feature.

The first decade in the history of the Industrial Exhibition came to a close in 1900, which year was made memorable by the visit of His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Minto to the Exhibition. The visit of their Excellencies and the keen interest shown by them in the work of the Association was a source of great gratification to the whole community.

The following figures show the abnormal increase during the first eleven years of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition:

Admissions 1891, \$5,140.70;
1903, \$34,370.80. Entry Fees

1891, \$1,015.50; 1903 \$5,297.25.
Payment in prizes 1891, \$7,789.50;
1903, 20,972.60.

Last year, 1903 the prizes and attractions totalled up to the enormous sum of \$50,000.00 and the gate admissions were greater than ever before, being over 110,000.

This year the Prizes and Attractions will total the enormous sum of \$100,000. and the Exhibition instead of being held for five days will continue for two weeks.

Thus the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition has risen from little things to be quite a power on the American continent and it is to predict that the Dominion exhibition this year will surpass anything that has yet been seen in the North-West and the prophecy of the President seems likely to come true that Winnipeg will soon have the greatest Exhibition in Canada.

H. L. D.



The Maple Creek Stock Saddle and Harness Supply Store

J. M. LANG, PROPRIETOR.



New Settlers

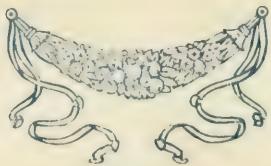
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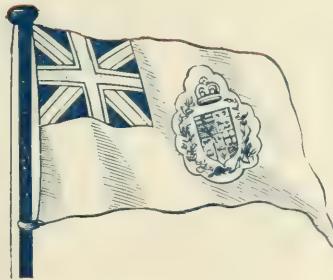
W. F. LAWRENCE,
MAPLE CREEK,
N.W.T.

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The New West Era

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED
TO CANADA NORTH-WEST



JUNE-JULY, 1904



A. M. MERTON, EDITOR
AND PUBLISHER

MAPLE CREEK,

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THE NEW WEST ERA

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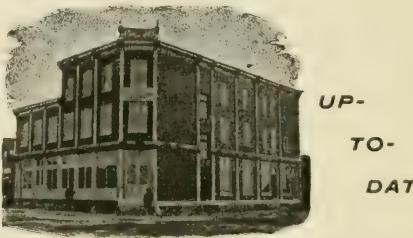
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THE NEW WEST ERA



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CREE INDIAN WARRIOR.

The New West Era.

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to North-West Canada.

VOL. 1

JUNE-JULY 1904

No. 2-3

SETTLERS OF THE NORTH-WEST!

BY A. M. MERTON.

WHEN an individual contemplates making so radical a change as is required when one uproots long standing customs, and travels "bag and baggage" to the great North-West, he is quite likely to ask "what kind of people shall we be obliged to accept as friends and neighbors in this new country?" And in answering, it is usually wise to be as truthful as possible, lest our boasting get us into trouble later, (when they arrive.)

As to what kind—the question is easily answered by two words—all kinds.

Yes, all kinds, from the broncho "busting" "desperado" to the highly cultured, with the intermediate grades better represented than either extreme.

To begin with the "buster" then, let us describe him. He is usually not of as dangerous disposition as his picturesque costume of fringed leather breeches, long spurs, long hair, sombrero, etc., would indicate and his big swear words are frequently the only am-

munition he will discharge unless "King Alcohol" gets the better of his ordinarily good judgment and a "free for all" fight occurs, and then the "buster" is quite as likely as the other fellow, to go home with a variegated nose, a pair of dark complexioned eyes or a bandaged ear or jaw.

He may fancy he is going to distinguish himself by "painting the town red" but the brilliancy of the carmine is oft-times dimmed by the timely arrival of a representative of the North-West Mounted Police and "buster" is comparatively easily managed, for he is not allowed to carry fire-arms—a wise precaution that our neighbors to the south—the States, would do well to copy, and by so doing would make the newly settled regions of much greater safety to peace-loving people.

The North-West Territories are being apportioned section by section to ranchers and others who agree to conform to certain requirements, the terms of which are easily managed; and usually at the end

of three years they are absolute owners of the land they acquire in this way, and these self-same men are of the substantial class at least; and many of them have families either with them or soon to arrive from the eastern Provinces or the States--while many of them are bachelors and keep "bachelors hall" or bring along some kindly disposed relative to assist them in making the start in life that is desired, and mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts are therefore much in evidence, and seem to enjoy the fun, for many of them come for a two-fold reason--to rebuild enfeebled constitutions and to see that John or Robert or Joe gets a fair start--then, some of them go back to the east; but the majority of them stay, so well does the country seem to agree with them; or possibly conditions of existence may have something to do with the case, for the country is prosperous and opportunities many.

The towns are usually, at first, places where the ranchers receive their mail--a building or two (of course one of them is usually a store), and the town is an established fact; but if you are a casual visitor and call again in twenty-four months, you may find a thriving little city of 2,000 inhabitants. This is not a fancy picture, as the town of Raymond, Alberta, has a history agreeing with this description in every particular; and

now that it is in its third year of existence, land surrounding and outside the town, sells as high as \$25 an acre, while within the town limits it is said that building lots are occasionally sold for \$1,000 and upward.

There is certainly nothing slow moving in Western Canada and the people are "busy bees" in the hive of humanity, when they reach these western plains, whatever has been their condition before coming here; and one need fear no idle curiosity as to previous prosperity or otherwise, for each individual had his own peculiar reason for wishing to locate anew and practically "begin all over again."

Some of them have come to gain a home, that most priceless of all possessions, after having striven for one in vain in the older portions of the country; and it is so very easy to gain one here that the unfortunate sometimes seems dazed at the sudden reversal of fortune.

Some of the people come, after having been successful for years until crushed out of existence by a more powerful rival in the commercial arena, then, crest-fallen and ruined, they have taken almost the last dollar and purchased a ticket to the great North-West. Do they succeed? Well, according to the commercial ratings of Bradstreet or Dunn, there are those who are quoted as possessors of \$100,000 after fifteen or twenty years, and

certainly the most pessimistic would consider such a sum evidence of more than moderate success.

"And how is such a fortune gained" you may ask, and in reply can be said that of course it is the wide-awake and thoroughly energetic individual who sees and grasps his opportunities as they present themselves, scorning none and making use of all, for nothing is so true as "the Lord helps him

Many begin at the "bottom of the ladder" and stock their newly acquired ranches with the thirty head of cattle the law requires; or sheep or horses, and then begin to climb; for thirty cattle, if no serious ill-fortune intervenes, will be two hundred head in three to five years; and the yearling steers, purchased probably for \$20 per head, will bring from \$45 to \$60 per head when three or four years old; and



PHOTO BY FLEMING

"SOME OF THEM HAVE COME TO GAIN A HOME."

who helps himself" and luck is more often the result of good hard work than is usually imagined.

The majority of the new comers, of course, are here to take homesteads, and according to statistics, these are the ones who are laying the foundation stones for future wealth, if energy and "stick-to-it-iveness" are ingredients in their physical and mental being.

these animals have practically cared for themselves, for it is almost an unheard of event for a rancher to be obliged to furnish feed for his cattle for three weeks at a time during the entire year.

The towns of course are at first non-descript and consist of apparently every Tom, Dick and Harry kicked out of other communities, but, almost before one realizes it, a minister arrives from apparently

no-where a church soon makes its appearance from misty wonderland, the "high rollers" begin to recall "home and mother away back east," and then they go to church--only occasionally, but a congregation is established, never-the-less,--then, soon another church appears and then another; and if a close observer uses his eyes and takes respective measurements therewith, he realizes whereof the civilizing of the western "rough" and thanks the Lord for the vast improvement in the manners of his adopted town.

And then the ordinary history of the development of ordinary towns occurs. The rough dancing halls are obliged to become more quiet and as the years speed away these change with the times and soon it becomes fashionable to leave sombrero, spurs and bowie knives outside and occasionally a damsel with a train of several feet in

length will display her "magnificent" new dress to the admiring eyes of a whole room-full of charming men, for they are all charming, these children of the prairie, and, try though you may, you cannot help admiring their "swagger" and general freedom from all conventionality. They are diamonds in the rough. "But" you may say "what effect has all this upon the carefully reared and refined individual from the East whose lot has been cast among them?" In reply, can be asked the question, "what should be the effect of your presence upon them?" And it may be that your so called misfortune in the east was a God given blessing in disguise, for eastern people are needed in this new country as the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole," thus enabling this broad and glorious land to take its place in proper order and at the proper time with the best the world affords.





"LOVERS' WALKS."

A Pretty Grove on Dixon Bros., Ranch near Maple Creek, Assa.

THAT STORK THAT CAME TO TOWN.*

BY C. LEONARD.

THERE'S something very funny about our house just now;
 Everyone must go on tiptoe so as not to make a row;
 And if I ask to go and play out with the other boys,
 They tell me to be very good and not to make a noise.
 The milkman comes round quietly; the telephone don't ring;
 And Pa's took off the door bell wire and tied it up with string.
 And some strange woman's in the house (she looks so clean and nice)
 I know, because I've seen her in the kitchen once or twice;
 And all of this is since the night that Pa went tearing down
 The stairs and 'phoned the doctor that "the stork has come to town."



Next day when I asked "What's a stork?" Pa said, "Now run away."
 So then I tried Sing Lee but he "No sabbee what you say."
 And when I asked Aunt Mary she looked at Cook and smiled,
 And Cook said sure my questions would drive a body wild;
 But I heard her tell the butcher "Its just a lovely girl,"
 And then he laughed and told me now my hair'd be out of curl:
 And once I'm sure I heard upstairs a funny little cry
 And Auntie softly singing some song of "Hush-a-bye"
 And then I saw the doctor who laughed and just sat down
 'Cause I asked him if he'd seen the stork that Pa said came to town.

* Written for THE NEW WEST ERA.

Where Pa and Ma put me to bed and kissed me, each, good-night.

Now Auntie Mary tucks me in and takes away the light.

(Why I haven't seen my Mamma now for nearly three whole days

But if I'm good I'll see her soon, so Auntie Mary says)

And that teeney-little bath-tub used to hang behind the door,

Well, Hannah scrubbed that thing today just like the kitchen floor;

And she's pinned the clothes-line full right up of little flannel squares

Instead of towels and handkerchiefs or stockings hung in pairs;

And she fired a pail of soap-suds after me and Jimmy Brown

'Cause we asked her if she'd like to see the stork that came to town.

Sav! my Aunt Mary just came down, with a baby in a shawl

And when she stopped to show me - Gee whiz, but it did squall!

But say! I don't care if my hair is always out of curl

Since I have got a sister, (even if she is a girl).

But my! aren't babies little and ain't they got queer eyes?

Wouldn't it be funny if they always stayed that size?

But here comes Jimmy Brown. You bet I'll let him know,

For since he got his bicycle he's done nothing else but blow.

And say! since Auntie Mary brought that little baby down,

I don't care if I never see that stork that came to town.





PHOTO BY ELEMING

CREE INDIAN IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

A PRAIRIE ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW WEST ERA.

Her chamber was bright with the dying glory of the setting sun, but her face was lightened with a radiance which came from

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Never more would that face, beautiful always, unspeakably lovely now, lose altogether the wondrous look which the master artist Love had so lately painted there. She stood at the open window gazing upon the miles of rolling prairie spread out before her; beyond, were the beautiful blue hills she loved so well. Over all was the fresh verdure of June bathed in the splendour of a June sunset. As she gazed, she became more and more a part of this beautiful scene, and almost unconsciously began pouring into Mother Nature's sympathetic ear the secret she had scarcely dared as yet to entrust to human ears.

Yes, she loved him, at last there was no doubt about that in her mind. Then another face came up before her, a dark handsome face, smiling and debonair but lacking the open brow, the calm, exalted, spiritual look of the face she now knew was her's forever.

"Foolish girl," she whispered, "to mistake the glittering bauble for the heart of gold." I never entirely trusted him and knew he could not make me happy. Yet he fas-

inated me, held me by some strange power which I could not fathom. I was not happy with him, yet I longed for his presence, and this I thought was love. Suddenly the change came. As they stood there together, those rival lovers, with that terrible danger threatening them both, the one, pale but calm and courageous; the other, trying to assume a courage which all could see he did not possess, my eyes were opened. I know for which one I could risk my life, and I realized how utterly unworthy the other one was of my love."

"To-night, my lover comes for his answer. It was my own unworthiness that caused me to tremble so when he showed me his love but yester night."

Vividly upon her mind the scene was painted. There, by the rose-tree they had stood at this self-same hour. He had told her of the love that was in his heart, and when she could not answer him but shrank away, he, fearing he had spoken too plainly and bluntly, broke from an over-hanging branch a little rose; and putting it in her hand, had begged her not to try to answer him now. He would come tomorrow, and if she wore the rose in her hair, he would have the answer for which he longed.

Then her mind went back over

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the years since first she had known him. Always he had been as now, pure in character, his life filled with deeds of helpfulness to others, uplifting all who came within the circle of his influence, and being to many the guide to The Door by which, "If any man shall enter in, he shall find Life."

"I love him so," she murmured, "and I shall spend my life that he may have in his home a constant joy, a rest from life's cares when his day, so full of unselfish work has been spent. Thus helping him I, too, will bear a part in the joy of the Father's work."

Rapt in these thoughts she al-

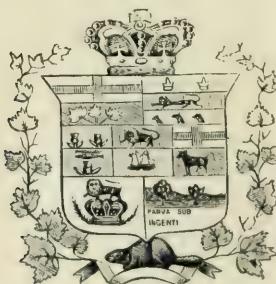
most forgot that he must soon be awaiting her. She startled when a gentle knock, followed by the soft tones of her mother's voice, told her she was below.

Laying her head upon her mother's shoulder, she whispered, "I have not one fear my mother, not one fear."

"Nor have I, my daughter. God is good. Go!"

The girl turned to the mirror, placed the rose in her shining dark hair, then, putting a daughter's kiss upon her mother's tear-stained face, she went down to her lover.

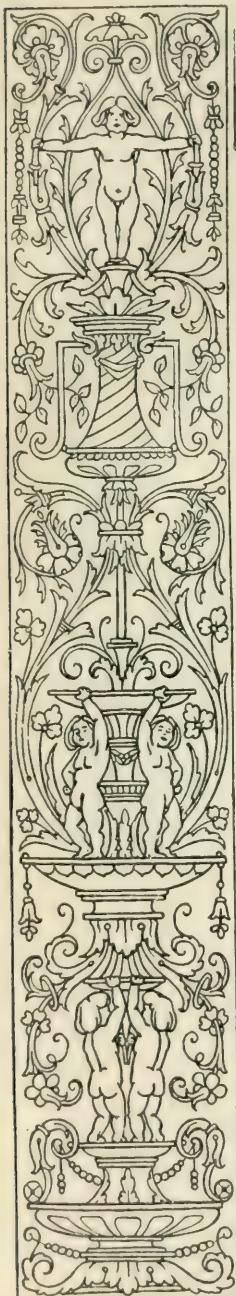
NANA PHIL MOIR.





A WEST ASSINIBOIA HOME.

Residence of Mrs. James W. Lawrence,
Maple Creek, Assa



WAITING TO GROW.

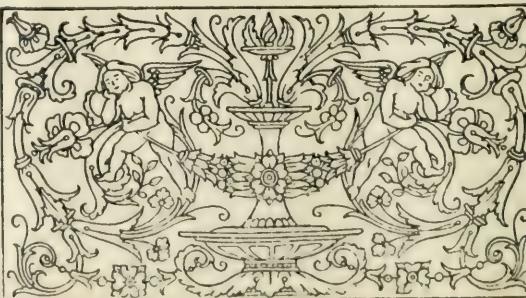
BY AN EDITOR.

Little white snowdrop just waking
up,
Violet, daisy and sweet butter-
cup :
Under the leaves and the ice and
the snow,
Waiting, waiting to grow !

Think what a host of queer little
seeds,
Soon to make flowers and moss-
es and weeds,
Are under the leaves and the ice
and the snow
Waiting, waiting to grow !

Think of the roots getting ready to
sprout,
Reaching their slender brown
fingers about
Under the leaves and the ice and
the snow,
Waiting, waiting to grow !

Nothing's so small, or hidden so
well.
That God cannot find it and pres-
ently tell
His sun where to shine and His rain
where to go,
Helping, helping them grow.





CHARLES MAIR,
Author of "Tecumseh" and Canadian Poems

OPEN THE BAY!

BY CHARLES MAIR.

"The navigation of Hudson's Straits is impracticable." Enlightened Hudson's Bay Company Trader from Ungava.

"The Hudson's Bay route is a chimera." Patriotic Toronto Newspaper.

OPEN the Bay, which o'er the Northland broods,
Dumb, yet in labour with a mighty fate!
Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes,
And gropes, prophetic, round its solitudes,
In eager thought, and will no longer wait.

Open the Bay which Cabot first espied
In days when tiny bark and pinnace bore
Stout pilots and brave captains true and tried—
Those dauntless souls who battled, far and wide,
With wind and wave in the great days of yore.

Open the Bay which Hudson—doubly crowned
By fame—to science and to history gave.
This was his limit, this his utmost bound—
Here, all unwittingly, he sailed and found,
At once, a path of empire and a grave.

Open the Bay! What cared that seaman grim
For towering iceberg or the crashing floe?
He sped at noonday or at midnight dim,
A man! and, hence, there was a way for him,
And where he went a thousand ships can go.

Open the Bay! the myriad prairies call;
Let homesteads rise and comforts multiply;
Give to the world the shortest route of all,
Let justice triumph though the heavens should fall!
This is the voice of reason—manhood's cry.

Open the Bay! Who are they that say "No"?
Who locks the portals? Nature? She resigned
Her icy reign, her stubborn frost and snow,
Her sovereign sway and sceptre, long ago,
To sturdy manhood and the master, Mind!

Not these the foe! Not Nature, who is fain
When earnest hearts an earnest end pursue;
But man's old selfishness and greed of gain:
These ancient breeders of earth's sin and pain—
These are the thieves who steal the Nation's due!

Such are the heirs of traders Gillam led—

Such were they in the past, with souls obtuse
When duty called—who, recreant, and dead
To England's honour, hung the craven head
And struck the British flag to La Perouse.

And such are they who, in their Eastern place,

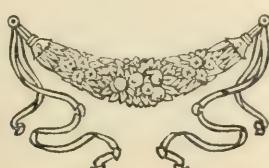
Say, "It is folly and the purpose vain!"
The carrier and the shallow huckster's race—
Theirs are the hands, not Nature's, which efface,
And seal the public good for private gain.

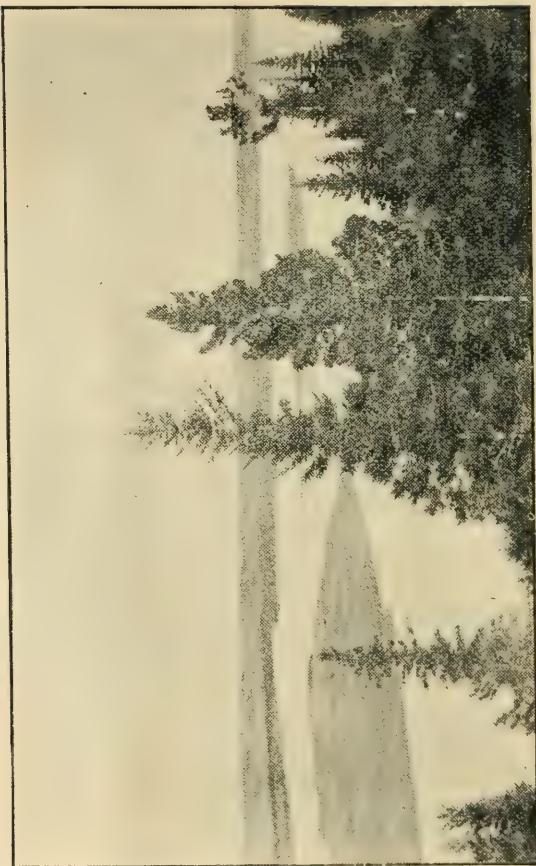
Open the Bay! Let Earth's poor people in!

What though the selfish interests lie and flout—
Open the Inlet! Let them growl and grin,
And Power still hobnob with them in their sin—
Humanity, their master, is about!

It looks abroad, and with purged vision sees

Man's wily nature bared, not overcast;
It comes to scatter to the winds his pleas,
His privilege and bland accessories,
And with strong arm right the wronged land at last.





A VIEW OF THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER NEAR SASKATOON.



JOHN'S AWAKENING.

BY A. M. MERTON.

John Marshall and his wife Mary had lived in the prairie home now occupied by them for twelve long years, and although the industrious John had indulged in an occasional vacation which his growing wealth permitted, his good wife, Mary, had never been given a chance to visit the large city, two hundred miles to the east of their earthly possessions; but had toiled and borne her heavy burden uncomplainingly, while knowing that a great measure of their success depended upon her own efforts; and deep down in her own mind there rested (and rankled at times) a conviction of her own barren desert of existence and as a consequence a wish, oh, so fervent a wish, just to visit the great city again and thereby refresh her tired soul for many a long year thereafter.

And so she mused one morning with her thoughts so far away; but the busy, knotted fingers never faltered as she measured out the flour and kneaded the weekly baking of bread.

Being in such a frame of mind was not conducive to any very great enjoyment on her part at the intelligence that her beaming husband had for her as he stamped his way into the airy, bright kitchen on this particular morning.

'Wall, old lady,' he laughed as he slapped his clay-covered boots with his riding whip—"I've sold another bunch o' horses, and fer half a cent I'd go to the city again and have a little restin' spell of my own, fer the dear Lord knows there ain't nothin' doin' round these parts to always keep a man of action interested and I'll be blamed if a holiday isn't comin' to me too, long about this here time."

Mary sighed and expressed a faint wish that if he went, she might accompany him, but the next minute wished she had held her peace, for,—

"There hain't no call fer women folks to be a gaddin' all over God's green earth, Mary, ye know that yourself, 'thout sayin' any thing about it and it ain't as

though women folks knew anything about business neither, fer they don't, and that's jest why I ain't a goin' to take yer along, fer I am a goin' in to put this her \$2,000 in the bank so you might as well help me into my other clothes and make up yer mind to stay at home and tend to your duty like any right-minded woman."

With that as a parting shot he lifted the latch to the door leading to the other part of the house and disappeared.

Poor Mary wiped the flour from her hands and a tear from her eye—then noticed that a heavily stuffed wallet lay where it had dropped, upon the kitchen floor.

Opening it she gazed hungrily for a moment—"two thousand dollars," she said, "and fully as much mine as his, I'll take it, and—no—ve'yes—no" and "here John," she said a few moments later as she handed him his wallet. "I suppose you'll be dropin' it in the street, when you get to the city."

He was struggling into a stiffly starched "biled" shirt just at the moment and blindly clutched the wallet and thrust it into his coat pocket.

* * * *

Typical indeed was the "hayseed" that arrived at the Union station of X, some six hours later, and typical indeed was the "buncosteerer" who espied him.

"Hody Mr. ah—Mr." "Marshall's my name," the farmer replied, how did yer know it?"

"Ah yes, Marshall, my old friend

—pshaw you don't mean to say you don't remember me. But then it was my father that had business with you rather than myself,—Mr. Smith don't you remember him?"

"And Jonathan scratched his head and b'leved he did," and—"why yes I don't mind goin' in and have some refreshments, as yer say for old times' sake!"

And they went in, and soon found themselves so comfortably situated that Jonathan felt himself under obligation to unburden himself to his "old time" friend.

"And I sold the hull bunch of them horses to a fellar that was buying to take to the market in the east and what's more he paid spot cash fer 'em—yes sree," as he slapped his breast pocket, "so yer needn't think 'cause you're stuck up like, yerself, that some o' yer old friends ain't got the "ready" too. He ! Ho ! Ha ! "

"An' the funniest part of the whole business was, the old lady was 'fraid to hev me come ter deposit it by myself—ha ! wanted to come too—you jest bet she didn't howsomever ! Women's got no head for figgers—allus said so an' what's more old John Marshall don't intend ter hev no petticoated government raound his liggin's—not yet—no sir," and reaching the end of his speech he unsteadily arose to depart.

"Oh sit down, sit down, Mr. Marshall, why we're only beginnin' to renew our old friendship," his erstwhile comrade ejaculated as

he saw his prey slipping away from him—sit down—sit down," and Jonathan sat down and the "bunco man" treated again "for old time's sake—for old time's sake," and echoing a feeble, muddled "fer ole (hic) times' sake," Jonathan sprawled upon the table in a drunken sleep.

His awakening, some hours later, was not conducive to any very great comfort, nor piece of mind, for he found himself battered, bruised and robbed of his wallet, and lying in the filth of a dirty back alley in a strange part of the city, and alone. Night had come and he felt for his watch, but found only an empty pocket. Pulling himself to his feet, he staggered blindly, groping his way to the light at the corner of the street.

Upon reaching it he espied near by the brightly lighted entrance to the district police station.

Here, surely, he thought, he should be able to receive redress for his wrongs, but his muddled brain and desperate condition only succeeded in getting him into more trouble, for he was locked up for safe-keeping until able to give an account of himself.

* * * *

Twenty-four hours later a bedraggled, shame-faced man crept in-

to the woodshed of a prosperous prairie home and sat down upon a saw-buck with a decidedly familiar look, although his man Hiram had been better acquainted with it than he; and his thoughts ran riot for a time. What should he do—tell Mary he had made a fool of himself in the city—had been robbed and had come back to her "a sadder but a wiser man?" "No, never and I'll see her in—" "Oh, John, John," came as an interruption to his scandalous utterances—"ain't ye goin' to come in before long, because I am a goin' to catch the noon train to the city, and would like to tell ye how to run things while I'm away."

And sure enough, there she stood, prim little bonnet and all, and to his astonishment, was telling him how to take care of the milk—how to and when to feed the little brood of young chickens—where to find the freshly baked loaves of her own delicious "salt-risin'" bread—how to slice the ham "fer fryin',"—and "Fer the land's sakes, Mary, le ve clean out o' yer head—ye ain't no reason fer goin' to the city an—an'—wall I ain't any money fer ye anyhow—so's ye kin go—so there," and he sat down covered with confusion, for it had almost popped out—that dreadful secret.

But Mary took no notice as she



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continued—"and be sure you keep the outside cellar door locked, for Jonathan Marshall I am a' goin' to the city to put \$2,000 into the Bank—the \$2,000 that you thought you had in your wallet, when you lett in such a high-la-lutin' fashion the other day, and which I took charge of fer the time bein'; and what's more I'm goin' to spend a good clean hundred of it first for there's been a' many times I've wanted a new alpaccy dress and a new bunnit—and a few other trifles of the kind an' now I am a goin' fer once to have my own way."

And Jonathan sat in dazed silence, as his better half departed city-ward; —and now he under-

stood whereof his many bruises, for the men who were foiled in their attempt at robbery by the clever wife had evidently "taken it out of his hide," as he was forced to admit. And Mary, his good, though unappreciated wife at last had shown that "she had a head for business"—also one that needed a new bonnet, but of this he did not complain—for the first time within recollection. And then he wondered if she suspected the trials to which he had been subjected, and half believed she did; —but he would never ask her—"no, never," he declared as he reached for a cookie on the table and devoured it greedily and "I guess, I'll go feed the hens," he said.





A VIEW OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC BRIDGE AT SASKATOON.

THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW WEST ERA.

CO have been a voyager and a discoverer of new lands in the days of Cabot, Hudson, Mackenzie, and others of that period certainly must have made their fellow men feel that these captains of the high seas were heroes in the fullest sense of the term. It is probable, however, if we are to believe history that these brave men, heroes as it were, failed to reach the goal and secure those treasures which they were expected to bring back, in the old wooden hulls, in which they not only risked their lives, but their fortunes as well.

What wonderful dreams those brave men must have had as they sat in their cabins enroute home, drinking their wine while some frolicking jack tar would sing a sailor song of merriment.

Wonderful as those dreams must have been, little did the dreamers realize that even their air castles would tumble into chaos when compared with the realities that have since materialized from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Arctic to the Antarctic oceans.

What would Henry Hudson say could he to-day enter that great inland body of water which is said to have been discovered by him, after passing from the Atlantic through 450 miles of what is now

known as Hudson's Strait into Hudson's Bay?

It is probable and more than probable that he entered into the Saskatchewan, as did Sir Alexander Mackenzie, when he endeavored to find an outlet to the Pacific. Do you suppose his dreams ever dared reach the realities which have unfolded themselves within the last ten years in the Saskatchewan country and along the Saskatchewan river from its source in the Rocky mountains to the junction of its branches in Lake Winnipeg, through which they pass into the Nelson river, thence into the Hudson's Bay, a distance of almost 1,200 miles?

"Truth is stranger than fiction" when we realize its every part and compare actual events with "air-castles" and "pipe dreams."

Even as late as 1891 the authorities tell us that "the population of the Saskatchewan country was 11,150, of whom over one-half were Indians and nearly one-fourth half-breeds. The latter are mostly of French descent, and, with a few of pure French race are for the most part settled about Batoche on the South Saskatchewan. The agricultural products are yet small, and include livestock, wheat, barley, oats, peas and potatoes. There is also a steady production of pelts, mostly muskrat. The chief settle-

ments are Prince Albert and Battleford."

Such is the tale told to the world of a country now filling up with thousands of white people yearly and whose praise of the Saskatchewan country is causing other thousands to immigrate to this land of sunshine and plenty in the far north, where a few years ago the only sure crop was supposed to be snow-banks which never melted. How vague must have been the geography which was taught our fore-fathers?

Saskatoon, a thrifty city of 3,000 people was never even dreamed of, while Rosthern and a dozen other growing towns were merely the hunting grounds of the Crees, Blackfeet, and Blood Indians. Thousands of homes cover the prairies, once the abode of the Bison or American Buffalo and thousands more are being contemplated.

As you read these pages and look upon the pictures of "settlers camping at Saskatoon," and the several views of the Saskatchewan, one of which shows the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge, you are led from one surprise to another when you compare the present with the past. Is it possible? It is more than possible, for within the next twenty years the Indians, whose pictures are shown herein, will almost to a man, place his hand to the plow and cease to look backward

to the day when his fore-fathers supplied the tepee with food, from the day's hunt on the prairies and in the wood.

The white man is populating the land. Railroads are coming from all points of the compass. The flying mail trains will cross and re-cross the steel paths of other mail trains bearing letters of business, missions of love, burdens of sorrow and written joys from home to home and city to city as well as from hamlet to village and ranch.

What was once a barren land will become the great grain fields of an Empire. What was once the roaming home of a declining race will become the home of a prosperous Anglo-Saxon people who will have no superiors among the world's people.

But, "Backward, turn backward, Oh! time in your flight!" Who would be willing to exchange even to-day's beginnings with the choicest dreams of the early explorers whose explorations led others to go yet farther inland to discover the land of the Saskatchewan?

The Indian, his successor the trader, and the half-breed will soon be but figures in history, while the New West will become a nation in itself filled with a people whom all the world are sure to admire because of their sturdiness and progressive tendencies.

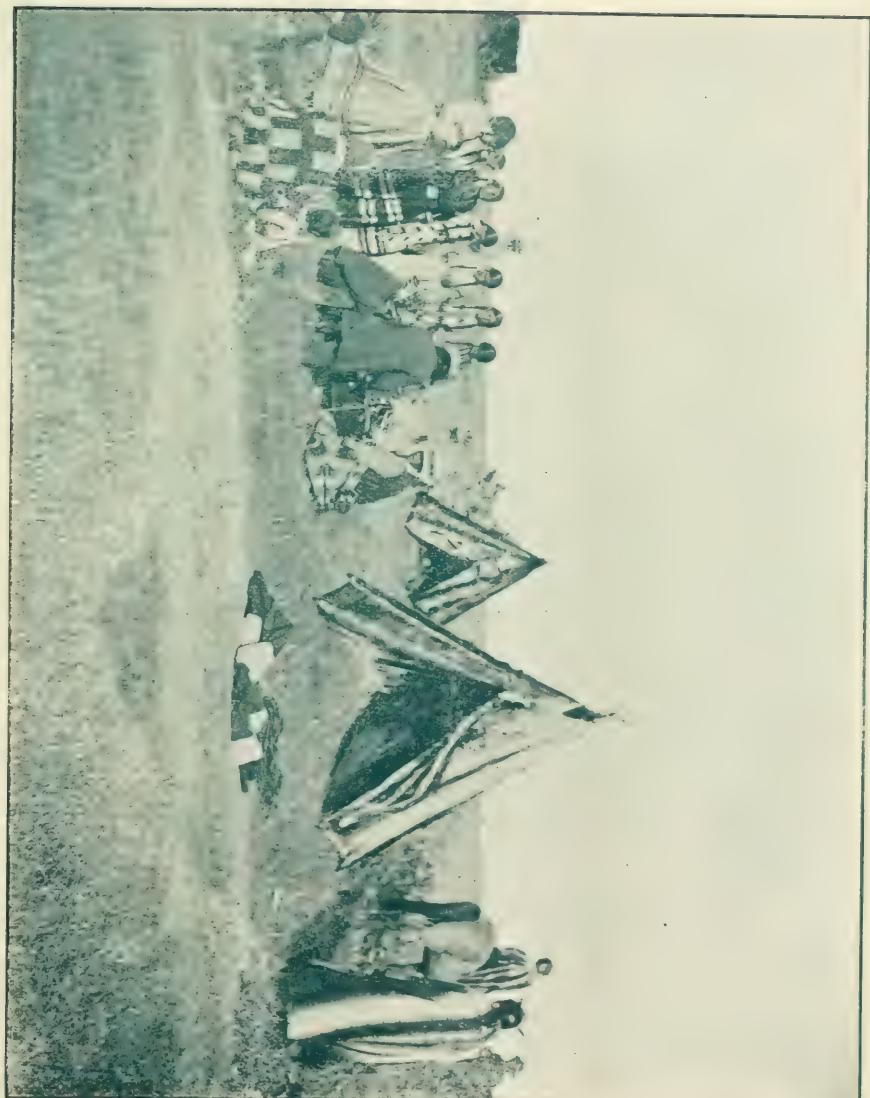




BRIDGE ACROSS BATTLE RIVER AT BATTLEFORD.

PHOTO BY E. L. MUNSON

CREE INDIAN HOW-WOW DANCE.



THE MAGIC OF TIME-ETERNITY.

BY EDMUND H. OLIVER.

Why, as my boyhood days recede from view,
Enshrouded with the mists of forgetfulness,
Do all the little griefs dissolve and pass,
The torments and the pains that made me sad,
And over all is spread a light ideal---a joyful time
When summer hath usurped the winter months
And reigns in gentleness the whole round year.
I can not tell,---and yet, to this great mystery
That baffles all the logic of my mind,
But to my soul perplexed a comfort brings
And adds fresh courage for my work in life,
Methinks the answer comes, "Toils and auxiliaries
Afflictions light, enduring for the moment"
Working a more exceeding, eternal weight of glory



THE WRONG "RECEIPT."

SELECTED.

Mrs. Duzzit has at last discovered the difference between a "receipt" and a "recipe," through the ministrations of an obedient cook and a careless husband. At least, she blames it on her husband's carelessness, although he pleads innocence in that respect, but if feminine logic counts for anything, he merits the accusation.

Mrs. Duzzit clipped a recipe for a new pudding from her magazine the other day and placed it under a book on the library table. Then she paid the grocer's bill and threw it with some other settled accounts in the drawer of the same table. Concluding one day to try the pudding she said to Lucinda, the cook, as she was mapping out the dinner:

"You go up to the library and tell Mr. Duzzit to give you that new receipt I left about the library table. I am going shopping and may not be back until dinner is ready, but all you need to do is to use just the proportion of ingredients given in the receipt, and then we'll see whether that new pudding is as good as the magazine promised it would be."

"Yessum," said the obedient Lucinda.

Mrs. Duzzit left and Lucinda went to the library.

"Please, suh," she remarked, "I des wants dat receipt Misses Duzzit done lef' hyah."

"What receipt?" asked Mr. Duzzit.

"De one whut tell 'bout all dem t'ings I's got ter put in dat new puddin'—She say she put hit on de library table."

Mr. Duzzit tossed the papers about, peered into the drawers, and finally handed Lucinda a slip which seemed to be what she wanted.

About half an hour later Lucinda rapped at the door of the library and apologetically said:

"Sense me, suh, but mus' I use all dese hyuh t'ings what dishyere papuh sez ter use?"

"Sure thing," answered Mr. Duzzit. "Do just as Mrs. Duzzit said you should."

Lucinda returned to her kingdom mumbling about the peculiarities of the white folks, and for the next two hours she was busy hunting all over the kitchen and pantry for the necessary articles for the pudding.

At dinner she carried the pudding in one of the largest trays in the house and deposited it on the serving table with an air which said that she washed her hands of all consequences.

"What is that, Lucinda?" asked her mistress.

"De puddin'."

"The pudding? Goodness gaceous! I never dreamed that it would be that big. You may help

us to some of it, though."

When Mr. Duzzit's portion was placed before him he scanned it critically, sniffed suspiciously, and turned it gingerly over with his spoon.

Mrs. Duzzit, however, had the courage which comes from implicit faith in the culinary page, and she tried a spoonful.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Why, Lucinda, what in the world have you put in this?"

"Nuffin' 'cept whut de receipt said to use," avowed Lucinda.

"Hum," mused Mr. Duzzit, "It must be a funny recipe."

"Well," asserted Mrs. Duzzit, "I never saw such a looking affair before in all my life. Lucinda, you surely have made a mistake in mixing it."

"Deed, I hasn't," stoutly answered the cook. "I done use eve'y ting des lak de papuh said."

"Did they offer a cash prize to any one who would eat the puddin'?" enquired Mr. Duzzit. "Because if they did, I am about to miss an opportunity to enrich myself, for I must deprive myself of the extreme pleasure of tackling this compound."

"I des gib mah two weeks' notice raight now," announced Lucinda. "Yo' ah de first white folks whut

say dey wo't eat mah cookin', en I know whah de plenty er quality folks dat glad ter hab me in dey kitchen. En I gwine right out en fatch in dat receipt, en yo' see fo' yo'se'fs dat I des use whut hit say ter use."

Lucinda retreated to the kitchen in sable dignity, and returned solemnly, bearing the "receipt," which read:

H. E. Duzzit to I. Feedam, Dr.

"One can corn, 10 cents; one box shoe polish, 5 cents; six candles, 15 cents; two pounds rice, 10 cents; two bars washing soap, 9 cents; one cake yeast, 1 cent; bottle olive-oil, 25 cents; one half peck potatoes 20 cents; one mackerel, 18 cents; three pounds prunes, 45 cents; ten pounds salt, 10 cents; six packages flower seed, 30 cents; one feather duster, 33 cents. Paid."

"Dah't is," said Lucinda. "Dah't is. An' dey all in dat ole puddin' 'ceptin' de han'le er dat feather dustah, en' blame' if I knows how ter wuk hit in whenst I's stirin' up all dat oteh trash. Ar' ef yo' all lak dat bi'l er puddin', len yo' betteh git some oteh lady ter ten' ter de cookin' foh you, 'case I ain' use' ter hit."

But Mr. Duzzit soberly took his wife by the arm, led her to the library, took down the big dictionary, and pointed out the words "recipe" and "receipt" and their definitions.





INDIAN CAMP NEAR SASKATOON.

The New West Era.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED
TO NORTH-WEST CANADA

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

A. M. MERTON

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

MAPLE CREEK, N.W.T.

JUNE-JULY 1904

EDITORIAL

THERE is a certain species of impudence that frequently passes for intelligence to the superficial mind, which either has forgotten or never knew, that "brevity is the soul of wit," as is amply illustrated when some wholesouled individual uses plain and short words to express his thoughts and is almost immediately "reproved" for so doing by a repetition of his utterances in more "stilted" English by the "would be" intelligent idiot, who shows by his efforts that his early home instruction, commonly referred to as "breeding" has been sadly neglected.

Thus, for example, if the man with an idea to express in regard to the weather casually remarks, "It's going to rain," his "would be" is sure to remark, "Ah yes, my friend, I have noticed a marked increase of humidity in the atmosphere since yesterday and if indications do not mislead it is quite

probable that a precipitation will occur before the setting of the sun," all of which, it is quite probable, the first speaker could have said if his disposition had been different, but thank the Lord it wasn't, and the man who was satisfied to express his sentiments in regard to the weather in four words instead of thirty-eight has the heart-felt sympathy of the whole community, for life is short after all, and there is so much to be accomplished in the allotted years of mankind that the individual who has learned to condense himself is he who wins, every time.

Apropos of the subject is the person who attempts to aid you to express yourself by suggesting the word for which you have given an instant's hesitation; and if you but recall a few of this particular species of nuisance you will agree that never once in your seventy-five years' experience (more or less) has he given even the faintest suggestion of assistance, but, instead, has sent the treasured idea into a thousand different directions.

He doesn't realize his clubfootedness, however, and will keep on "assisting" in this particular manner until the end of time, for his tribe is very numerous.

Another variation of this peculiar product is he who impresses his "importance" upon the "gallery" by lying in ambush and if one remarks as to his intentions of taking

a tramping tour of the country, will say, "Yes, it certainly must be enjoyable to take a pedestrian trip across country if the proper equipments accompany one," which reminds us very forcibly of the poor but well-intentioned young fellow whose education having been seriously neglected in youth, was attempting to remedy same by committing to memory five new words from the dictionary, together with the meaning thereof, each day; and the scheme might have been a laudable one indeed if the weak link in the chain "that weakeneth the whole" had not so seriously handicapped him. This "weak link" was the fact that he had not the faintest conception of the meaning of the diacritical marks, therefore the pronunciation of many of his newly "mastered" words was fearfully and wonderfully grotesque, at times causing peals of laughter from the friends he had chosen to practice upon, which never daunted him, by the way, but served instead to convince him of the utter barbarity of their behavior.

The young man, we are told, finally developed into a fullfledged nuisance of the genus we first mentioned. Whether he has ever taken a flying trip at the suggestion of an exasperated subject whose boot-toe came into play, we have never learned. It is, however, among the possibilities.

Another variety of the genus nuisance is he or she who looks aghast at certain knowledge displayed by searchers in scientific realms whose studies, conscientiously and faithfully pursued, have revealed the wondrously beautiful methods of Mother Nature in her efforts to perpetuate or improve upon existing species and, "Oh, no, no, I know nothing of such things, am absolutely innocent along such lines," is a fair sample of the way the unthinking put it, but "innocent" is not the word you should use, my friend, as the individual in this age of the world whose mental calibre is such that the truth appalls would do better in every way if he or she came to a realization of the fact that "innocence" should be erased and dense, absurd ignorance put in its stead.

The foregoing are a few of the very large family of nuisances that inhabit the earth, and as it would be unwise to dwell too heavily upon the peculiar traits of this interesting, though annoying specimen of humanity, as a lengthy discourse upon the subject would tire the reader or make him think the writer should be added to the list, we will change the subject and try to describe a being who is almost sure to be universally beloved.

In the first place, let us say that the attributes possessed by this enviable being are largely those of

effort applied conscientiously, with the sole intention of improving one's self and are therefore within the reach of all or any who wish to become a "ray of sunshine" in a community. Under such circumstances, how strange it seems that so very few of this kind of being are found upon earth. In the first place this individual has the ability to see opportunities to perform many little acts of kindness where the average individual sees nothing, and immediately becomes blind and deaf when certain things of an unpleasant character present themselves, whereas the average individual becomes all eyes and ears.

The beloved character has unbounded respect for the aged, always giving precedence, as good breeding ought to in every instance teach every one, but fails with the many, as is so frequently, oh, so frequently shown when all the good things are claimed by the "young folks" (save the mark!) and grandfather and grandmother may take what is left.

Also, if the aforesaid beloved individual be of the feminine persuasion she never is heard to mention the oft offending "young folks" for those who are really young are

usually only too anxious to conceal the fact, while the girl who is bidding farewell to her youth is she who most often uses the phrase "young folks." As for the writer, we have never been able to tell just what the phrase really means.

The beloved one never gossips, chews gum or talks slang, or anything in a high, loud tone of voice, and in fact seems to have been born good, but don't you believe it, for she has worked hard to eradicate the nettles from her disposition and any one else could do the same, if an equal struggle were faced and not feared by the average individual.

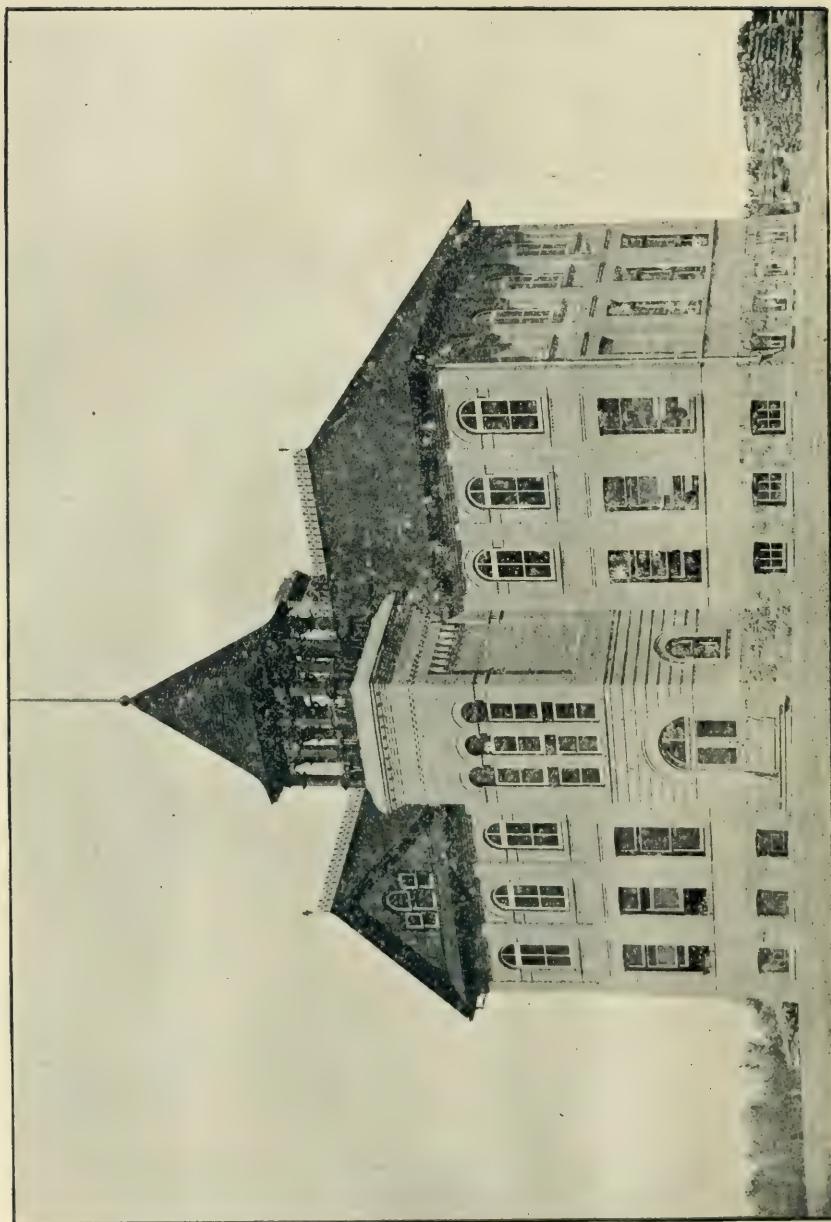
* * *

We wish to apologize for that portion of the June--July issue that has been apparently poorly printed, but being unable to obtain the proper assistance at home some of the articles were sent away for the type setting and a very poor specimen of amateur machine work was the result. We shall be wiser next time.

* * *

Also we wish to acknowledge favors granted us by the PHOENIX, of Saskatoon, as some of our best illustrations, were from this source for which we are very thankful.





PUBLIC SCHOOL, YORKTON, ASSA.

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

— O —

Five little brothers set out together,

To journey the livelong day ;
In a curicus carriage all made of
leather

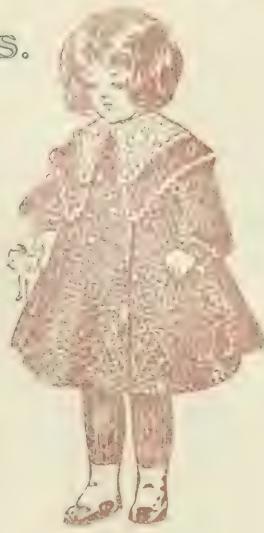
They hurried away, away !

One big brother and three quite
small,

And one wee fellow, no size at
all.

The carriage was dark and none
too roomy,

And they could not move about.



The five little brothers were very
gloomy,

And the wee one began to pout,
'Till the biggest one whispered

"What do you say,

Let's leave the carriage and run
away."

So out they scrambled, the five together,

And off and away they sped !
When someone found that carriage
of leather,

Oh, my, how she shook her head.

'Twas her little boy's shoe as
everyone knows,
And the five little brothers were
five little toes.



—Selected.

Sprite, the Chicken.

Sprite was a baby chicken. When he came out of the egg he was very tiny. A little girl called Maysie took him for a pet.

She made a cunning nest in a beautiful gold cage for Sprite's home.

He had a little cup, a little saucer with bread and milk in it, and a carpet of cotton wool. Maysie put a small looking glass against the wires of the cage and as soon as the chicken grew lively, he saw another little chicken staring at him.

He got up on his tiny feet, slapped his wings and crept across to the looking glass.

"Who are you?" chirped Sprite. He perked his head on one side and winked his black eyes. The other chicken in the looking glass perked his head.

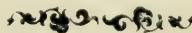
Maysie stood watching him. Her mama came. How they all did laugh!

All the little boys and girls on the street came to see Sprite, it was such fun.

They fed him corn and peanuts and cookies.

Soon he grew so big that he had to be taken out from his cage and put with the old hen in a nice large coop.

—Good Housekeeping.



MISS PUSSY.

Miss Pussy lives in the mill down by the river.

Every day men come to the mill bringing great bags of grain for the miller to grind into flour.

This grain is very sweet and nice, and all the rats and mice near the place like to come at night when the miller has gone home, and nibble holes in the bags to get at the grain.

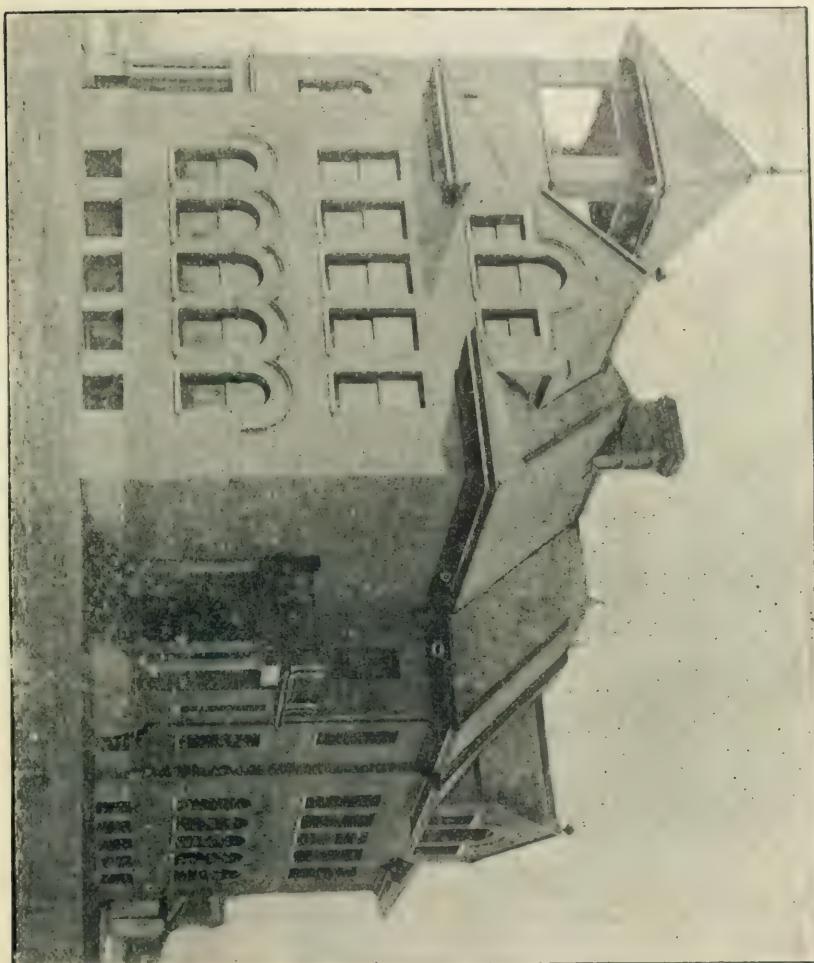
Now Miss Pussy is just as fond of rats and mice as they are of the grain, and when she first came to stay at the mill she used to watch all the time for the mice.

After a while she learned that rats and mice only came out of their hiding places at night, when the mill wheels had stopped grinding and the mill was very quiet.

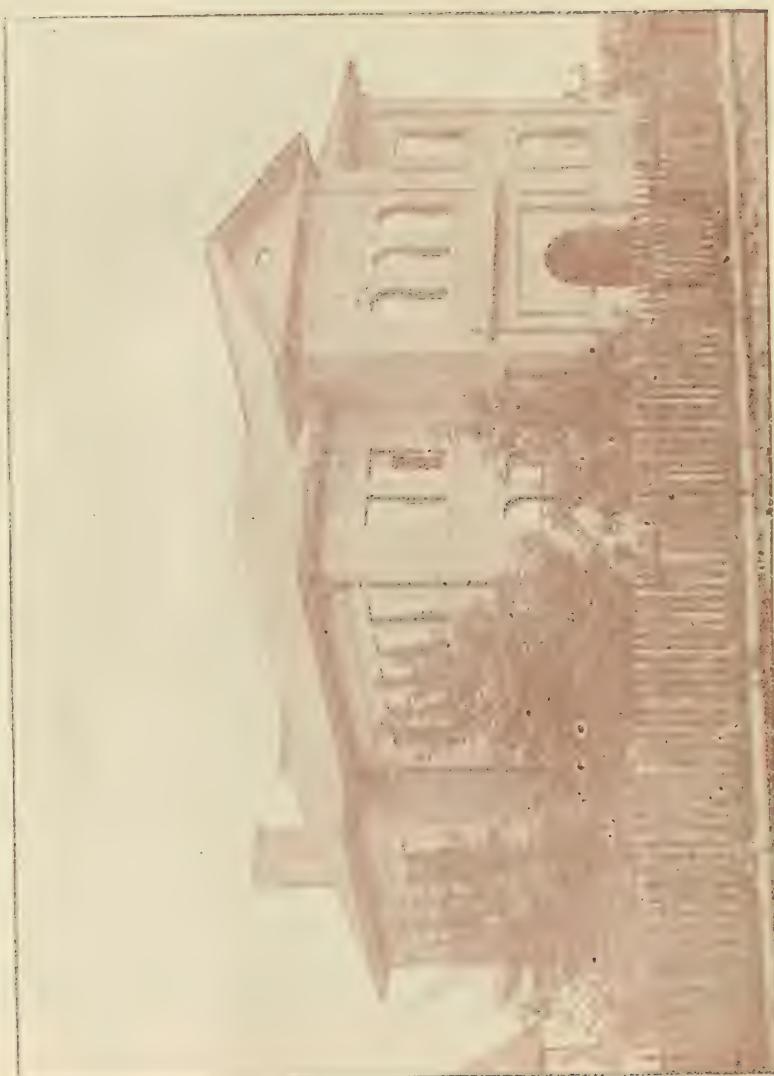
So now, after she drinks her morning milk which the milkman leaves for her every day, she sleeps till night comes. Then the miller puts out the little tin cup for the milk and says "Good night, Miss Pussy, catch all the mice you can."

Miss Pussy's bright eyes shine, and she says, "Mi-a-ow," which I think means, "Yes, I will."—The Shepherd's Arms.





PUBLIC SCHOOL, STRATHCONA, ALTA.



PUBLIC SCHOOL, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. U.S.A.

NEXT MONTH.

Owing to delay of manuscripts, etc., our Educational article will not appear until next month.



ERRORS:

"HODY," page 22, fourth line from bottom should read "howdy" (a southern expression.)

"ECHOEING," page 23, sixth line from top, is mis-spelled by linotype operator.

"CONCLUSIVE," on page 23, eleventh line, mis-spelled by the linotyper should read "conducive."

Illustration, page 34 is of settlers, not Indians camping.

Third line from bottom, page 32, linotype man apparently unfamiliar with the word "gracious" and has never learned that a syllable should never be divided at end of line. (See other lines.)

Minor mistakes we have ignored as nervous prostration threatened.

EDITOR.

THE NEW WEST ERA



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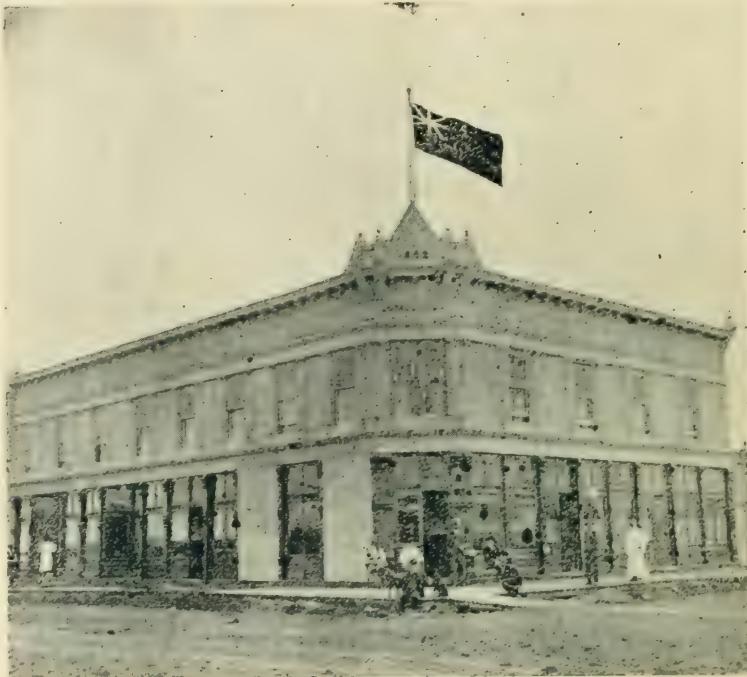
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